THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

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THE WEST'S FIGHT TO CONTROL THE G. O. P.

A POLITICAL STORM-CLOUD now forming on the Western horizon may grow so large and lowering that some predict it will become a determining factor in the choice of a Republican Presidential candidate next year and the drafting of the Republican platform. Far-Western Republican insurgents, under the joint leadership of Senator Norris of Nebraska and Senator Borah of Idaho, have organized to challenge the present Eastern domination of their party, have tentatively selected Senator Norris as their candidate for President, and have issued a statement which is in effect a manifesto to the present G. O. P. leaders. "Nothing since the statement of President Coolidge about not choosing to run [now reinforced by his statement that he would not consent to be drafted] has upset the political situation in the Republican party quite so much as this organization," says David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Chicago. The movement, in Mr. Lawrence's opinion, "means that the Senators from the agricultural States intend to have a real radical, and not a middle-of-the-roader" as their candidate. Therefore "it may either block the progress of Messrs. Lowden and Dawes, who hitherto have been regarded as strong with the Western radicals of the agricultural States, or it may force them to go still further along the paths of radicalism in order to prove that they are not merely opportunistic radicals."

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GETTING TIRED OF HIS ROLE

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

"A coalition of Western factions, with a view to breaking down the Eastern domination of the Republican party in legislation, policies, and candidates," is the way J. F. Essary describes the movement in a Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun*. In its editorial columns, the evening edition of the same paper remarks that, while the action of these insurgent Senators "may amount to nothing more than a political maneuver within the Republican party," it may, on the other hand, "be the beginning of a new alinement which is destined to affect profoundly the political future of the entire country." And this independent Eastern paper goes on to say:

"Nothing that the Middle West does is insignificant, for the empery of the continent is swiftly concentrating there. The dominance of the Atlantic seaboard has been no more than a tradition since New England lost her industrial supremacy. Agricultural supremacy has long since gone beyond the Appalachians. Now that Ohio is making a strong bid for leadership in industry, the position of the Mississippi Valley is so powerful that there is no logical reason why it should not rule the country. The shrewder of the country's masters have already realized the fact."

This latest attempt to organize the insurgent Republicanism of the Western farming States had its visible beginning on October 8, when Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, Smith W. Brookhart of Iowa, and William E. Borah of Idaho met in Senator Borah's Washington office to formulate their plan of campaign. This was followed by other conferences in which other insurgent leaders participated, and on October 12 it was announced that Senator Norris's Progressive colleagues are planning to enter his name in the Presidential primaries in the fourteen States that have direct election of delegates, including the Eastern stronghold of the Republican Old Guard. According to the New York *World's* Washington bureau, these preferential primary States are: California, Illinois, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

"Senator Norris is a platform in himself," declared Senator Borah after one of these conferences. Senator Norris, however, said to the reporters: "I am not deceiving myself. I realize perfectly that no man holding the views I do is going to be nominated." But, he added significantly: "The West will

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support a progressive Democrat rather than an Eastern reactionary Republican." According to Washington correspondents, Senator Norris is regarded as the inheritor of the late Senator La Follette's mantle; and they recall the fact that more than 4,000,000 voters followed La Follette in 1924 in his unsuccessful third-party venture. But there is to be no third-party movement this time, we are told, but rather that procedure known as "boring from within." In a statement issued to the press, Mr. Borah and his colleagues say:

"These conferences have for their purpose the discussion and consideration of questions which seem particularly to concern or appertain to the West, both politically and legislatively. We have our problems, such as the agricultural or farm problem, and other matters which seem more vital to us than they are to the East. We hope to get some unity of purpose and some solidarity of action.

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THE G. O. P. NOMINATION PARADE
—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

"While dealing with legislative matters, we shall also probably consider political matters. We are cognizant of the fact that an election is coming on next year, and can not help feeling some interest in it.

"These conferences have not the slightest thing to do with a third-party movement. We proceed upon the theory that the Republican party is a national party, and not an Eastern party. We proceed upon the theory that if we make our wishes known in a proper way and with sufficient force, they will be respected and considered by the party."

The purpose of the group is exprest in slightly different words in the following statement made by one of the conferees to the Washington correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor:*

"We are more than willing to cooperate with our fellow Republicans. We propose working with them within party lines, if they will permit us to do so. We prefer to work with them rather than to fight with them.

"But, if the leaders of the Republican party will not recognize our legitimate legislative demands; if they will continue to persist in managing affairs as if the West was not a part of the country, then we are prepared to contest that issue with them."

And Senator Nye is quoted in Washington as saying:

"The first purpose of the people of the West ought to be, and I believe is, that of solidifying their strength behind a Western program and a Presidential candidate. That unity will win results such as would no other effort. That being true, the first essential is to find the man who best personifies the interests of the West and under whose leadership those things could be done which would restore to that section of the United States the measure of economic equality to which it is justly entitled.

"There are such problems as those involving freight rates, discriminations in freight rates, inland waterway improvements, permanent improvements growing out of any flood-control program, the conduct of the Federal Reserve Banking System, the administration of the Federal Farm Land banks—all of these problems bearing directly upon the measure of prosperity which may accrue to the agricultural States. Then, too, there are great national problems in which the West is vastly interested.

"While some farm-relief legislation probably would go a long way toward restoring an economic balance, it will not guarantee the maintenance of that balance. Any new balance effected through this legislation could easily be upset by further favors to other industries and through the administration of such legislation bearing upon our economic life as now appears upon the statutes. With these thoughts in mind, I would assume that you could understand why there are many of us who would insist upon the candidacy for the Presidency of one like Senator Norris, and why we feel that the West ought to encourage, in whatever way it can, such a movement.

"As I have previously said, our real purpose in the West with relation to government is only one of insuring that government shall shower its favors alike upon all sections of the country."

Interest is naturally felt in the reaction of Republican papers to this movement, especially those in the region affected. The influential Chicago *Tribune* agrees that "the views of Western Republicans have not been given proper weight in the councils of the party"; but it goes on to sound a note of caution:

"We hope they will not make the mistake of putting forward projects favored by Eastern radicals with the idea that these panaceas will end the Western farmer's difficulties. The West knows what it wants in farm-relief legislation. It wants legislation to protect the farmers from ruinous crop surpluses and, in addition, it wants its potential waterways developed as rapidly as may be to give the farmers and business men of this region the benefit of cheaper transportation to the world's markets. The population of the great valley wants the Panama Canal tolls increased to enable our products to compete on a more equal footing in the domestic market with the products of the seaboard States. We have thousands of square miles of cut-over land in Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota unsuited to agriculture which should be reforested. In addition, the West wants adequate tariff protection for its products, notably its agricultural products.

"These are the measures for which Western Republicans should unite, and which they may reasonably demand of their party."

In Minnesota, the Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.), seems even less sympathetic. Says this conservative paper:

"Mr. Borah undertakes to array the West against the East, to set up a sectional issue. It would be an unhappy day for the republic were he and his associates to succeed in this endeavor. We have had sorry experience with the products and by-products of sectionalism in this country. A truer statesmanship would seek to promote better understanding between East and West."

Coming further east, we find the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* conceding that "there is a good deal of justice in the demand of the Western Republicans for a place in the sun." This notably independent Republican daily goes on to say:

"There is a good deal of truth in the claim that the Republican party is an Eastern party. The manufacturers want high tariff, the farmers are coming to want low tariff, for they begin to see that the Fordney-McCumber policy is a costly thing for them. How to reconcile these conflicting interests is the big problem the Republican party faces as it looks toward 1928. It seems as threatening as the Democrats' problem of how to hold their wets and their drys in line. The country is so big, interests and convictions of persons loosely allied with the same party are so diverse, that the practical politicians have a terrible time of it trying to please all factions, eager as they are to do so. If the party leaders would substitute principle for policy, moral courage for expediency, take a right position and

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CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. To what famous American bandit is it proposed to raise a monument? (p. 44).
2. Where was the Russian invasion of Germany frustrated in the World War? (p. 18).
3. What is the meaning of the French expression "an uncle from America"? (p. 27).
4. What country produces the speediest motor-boats? (p. 22).
5. In what type of plane did Ruth Elder and Haldeman fly? (p. 52).
6. In what part of Asia is there an enormous influx of Chinese immigrants? (p. 21).
7. What famous preacher held a "slave auction" in his pulpit? (p. 38).
8. Does heat or cold assist the effect of poisons? (p. 23).
9. What effect have American films had on Japanese drama? (p. 28).
10. What country was "condemned to death" by the peace treaties? (p. 20).
11. Who was the inventor of daylight bank robberies and train hold-ups? (p. 48).
12. Must a Buddhist renounce Buddha in accepting Christ? (p. 32).
13. Why should every banker have a chemist? (p. 23).
14. What class of painter was Bouguereau? (p. 26).
15. What is described as the most rapidly developing country in the world? (p. 21).
16. Name the only American girl elected to honorary membership in the "Quiet Birdmen" society? (p. 56).
17. What is the explanation of radio squeals? (p. 25).
18. What tribe of black men look down on the whites as their inferiors? (p. 57).
19. What chemical is used in ripening fruit? (p. 24).
20. What famous aviatrix formerly worked in a dentist's office? (p. 56).
21. Who, for goodness' sake, are the Djukas, and where in the world do they live? (p. 57).
22. How many of the men indicted by the Alabama grand jury for flogging were members of the Ku Klux Klan? (p. 11).
23. What State Attorney-General, elected with Ku Klux Klan support, is now the hooded organization's most relentless prosecutor? (p. 11).
24. Who is Missouri's choice for the Democratic Presidential nominee? (p. 10).
25. What is the kink in the law which may enable fight films to be transported from State to State? (p. 16).

stand to it, let the votes fall where they might, the party would gain by it in the long run. In the case in point, if the Republican party would adopt a tariff policy calculated to give the West justice and the East only justice, it would strengthen itself for the longer outlook, tho the tariff pets of the East would set up an awful howl."

"In any event," remarks the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), the action of the Western insurgents "will add to the spice of the campaign." And in another Massachusetts Republican daily, the Springfield *Union*, we read:

"Tho the confab of the insurgent group in Washington may not be taken too seriously, in view of the relative weakness of the really insurgent element represented by such as Norris, Nye, and Brookhart, undoubtedly the larger and more loyal element of the party west of the Mississippi is disposed to demand the nomination of a Western man because he is such. In these States there is a plain disinclination to support an Eastern candidate. It may be assumed that Borah has joined Norris and others in conference over preconvention strategy, not because he is really for Norris or any one like him, but because he is a Western Senator inclined to stand up for Western claims in the party.

"It is hardly possible that a deadlock could be produced by a clear-cut issue between East and West, because of the greater strength of the East in the convention, but the issue might have a determining effect upon the nomination.

"In any case, it can be taken for granted that the convention is not likely to nominate any man who would be weak in the East, and, if the issue between the two sections of the party becomes acute, it is likely to eliminate all candidates that have been suggested, with the possible exception of Hoover."

Discussing Senator Norris as the inheritor of the La Follette mantle, the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.), says:

"Could there be a greater contrast in personalities? Mr. Norris is a kindly man with a high sense of public duty, not ambitious, not a boss. He hates nobody; he intimidates nobody. He is tired of public life, especially of life in Washington. He does not take seriously the Presidential candidacy which Mr. Borah and others wish to thrust upon him. He said not long ago that his only desire was to quit the Senate. The chains of a bloc are irksome to him, to say nothing of the chains of a party. He has gone his own way for twenty or thirty years. It would be absurd to expect him now to assume the responsibilities and endure the discomforts of harmonizing the glaring differences between the various radical groups."

Turning back from these Eastern Republican papers to the independent press of the West, we find the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* remarking: "It is true enough that there is a general sentiment in the West in favor of the nomination of a Westerner next year, but it is not true that there is considerable sentiment in favor of a radical or of radicalism." In Nebraska, Senator Norris's home State, the Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.) laughs at the idea that "the Republican party is a national party, and not an Eastern party":

"The theory is a violent presumption, and it is to be doubted if Senator Norris or any of his enlightened friends is unaware of its unsoundness. There has never been a time since Abraham Lincoln's day that the views, the interests, and the voice of the West had any other than an insurgent's status in the Republican party's national conventions, in Congress, or in the executive department of government. Senators like Norris and Borah and La Follette are regarded and treated only as unavoidable nuisances, to be contemptuously disregarded between campaigns and to be coddled only as election day approaches. Senator Norris spoke from the depth of his experience and disillusionment when he said, just the other day, that he was well aware the Republican party would never nominate for President any man entertaining his views.

"The Republican party is naturally an Eastern party, because it is east of the Mississippi and north of the Mason-Dixon line that the big majority of its members and perhaps nine-tenths of the consolidated wealth it represents are to be found. It has devoted itself consistently and with amazing success to the building up of Eastern industry, commerce, and special privilege—at the expense of the rest of the country. Its powerful leaders are not the Borahs and Norrises, but the Mellons and Morgans and Du Ponts and Rockefellers.

"Just now the Sioux City Chamber of Commerce is calling attention to the fact that the competition of Argentine corn on the Pacific coast is reducing the selling price of corn in the Sioux City territory by more than thirteen cents a bushel. It is circulating material urging an exercise of the Executive power to increase by 50 per cent. the tariff on corn. Numerous such petitions have reached President Coolidge in recent months, based on the statement that corn is sold at less than the cost of production. Has President Coolidge responded to these pleas to extend a bit of special privilege to the West, for the relief of its basic industry? He has not. But, while turning a deaf ear to the West, he has not hesitated to raise the tariff on aluminum for the benefit of Mr. Mellon, and to raise it on other Eastern products for the benefit of other powerful Republican interests of that section. This is no new story. It represents a chronic condition.

"The only real recognition the Republican party accords the West is to cheer it on to the exercise of the privilege of insuring the victory of its candidates on election day."

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"JIM" REED'S OPENING BLAST

WHEN JIM REED throws his hat in the ring, in go coat and vest as well, and everybody knows that a real hot political campaign is on, observes one political writer commenting on the Missouri Senator's key-note speech at Sedalia. On this occasion James A. Reed found plenty of heads to hit in his Donnybrook fashion, for before he was through President Coolidge had been compared to "a Boston oyster stranded on the beach," former Attorney-General Daugherty had been called "as vile an insect as ever crawled across the page of time," and Secretary Mellon had been accused of holding

International Newsreel photograph

"THE TIMES ARE RIPE, AND ROTTEN RIPE, FOR A CHANGE"

Senator James A. Reed of Missouri as he appeared when uttering this slogan in his key-note speech at the rally where he was endorsed as Missouri's choice for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

office in defiance of law. Incidentally, the "silvered and handsome senior Senator from Missouri and the most turbulent of all her turbulent fighting politicians," to use a phrase from Sedalia's dispatch, had given the Democrats of the country a battle slogan in the words: "The times are ripe, and rotten ripe, for a change." The vigor of this fighting speech aroused nation-wide interest in the action of Missouri Democrats at Sedalia in endorsing Senator Reed as their candidate for the Presidency. Several editors and political correspondents assume that the speech was the opening gun of the Democratic campaign. Now, observes the Jersey City *Journal* (Rep.), the national campaign is likely to "open up with more pep and ginger than has heretofore been generally expected."

The Sedalia speech denounces the Republicans and outlines a platform for the Democrats. In indicting what he calls "Republican corruption," Senator Reed said in part, as quoted in the Chicago *Tribune:*

"On the fourth day of March, 1921, Warren G. Harding was inaugurated President of the United States. On that day corrupt and sinister financial conspiracies, to all intents and purposes, took possession of the Government, and have ever since exercised a dominant control.

"The first act of Coolidge was to approve the policies of the Harding Administration. Harding appointed, and Coolidge continued at the head of the Department of Justice, Harry M. Daugherty, as vile an insect as ever crawled across the page of time. In the face of the overwhelming evidence Daugherty was retained until the blaze of public indignation grew so hot that Coolidge was obliged to back away from the fire. He then demanded Daugherty's resignation upon an insufficient and immaterial ground.

"A Senatorial investigation exposed the infamous oil transactions. In its efforts to ascertain the facts and bring the criminals to book, the Senate Committee received no assistance from the Coolidge Administration. Coolidge never lifted a hand. He remained as mum and inactive as a Boston oyster stranded on the beach in the month of August.

"Harding appointed, and Coolidge to this day retains, Andrew W. Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury. When Mellon was appointed, the great financial interests no longer exercised a mere influence—they moved in and took possession of the fiscal operations of the Government."

After insisting that Secretary Mellon has no right to hold office because the Mellon banks are dealing in public securities, Senator Reed went on to criticize the fiscal policies of the Administration, including the debt concessions to European nations. Turning to the tariff, he asserted that "no sooner was Harding inaugurated than the protected interests swarmed upon Washington as the locusts swarmed upon Egypt." Tariff rates were raised and "this infamy was consummated at a time when the American farmer, whose prices had been regulated down by the Government during the entire war, was compelled to sell his surplus upon the bankrupt markets of Europe, and the price of the surplus, of course, fixt the level of the domestic market. Thus, from that day to this, the farmer has been compelled to pay an unnatural and unjust price for everything he purchases and to sell in a market where he is not permitted to buy."

Outlining his idea of a Democratic platform, Senator Reed said in part, as quoted in the New York *Times:*

"Let us make our fight beneath banners proclaiming:

"The right of each citizen to regulate his own personal conduct, chart his own course through life, and to control the affairs of his own household.

"Let us reassert the truth of the doctrine that:

"If this people are to remain free, loyal self-government and the sovereignty of the States must be preserved; the Federal power should be brought within the limits, not only of the letter, but also within the spirit of the Constitution; that the march of centralization must be arrested; that government by boards and bureaucracies must cease.

"Let us demand the honest administration of government; the swift and sure punishment of all public plunderers, bribemongers, and other malefactors; the equalization of the burden of taxation; the repeal of all laws creating special privileges; the dismissal of an army of spies, snoopers, sneaks and informers; the liberation of honest business from oppressive interference by governmental agents; the prosecution and punishment of those who, by trusts, combinations and restraints of trade, make war on honest business and despoil the people."

In Missouri the Republican St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* ventures to prophesy that if circumstances favor Senator Reed in the Democratic convention, "there would be a picturesque and vociferous campaign." The St. Louis *Star* (Ind.), noting the Senator's demonstrated ability to get Republican votes in his own State, finds it "easy to visualize" how such a speech as he made at Sedalia "might arouse the rank and file of citizens if made by a Presidential candidate from the stump." Reed, declares the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind.), "has started a fight with all his fighting qualities working under high pressure." Of the Sedalia address, the St. Joseph *News-Press* says: "It was a typical Reed speech, eloquent, incisive, courageous, at times mounting to a pitch of frenzy, yet it carefully avoided any direct mention of one of his pet aversions—Prohibition."

Naturally the response of the Democratic press of the country to the Reed key-note speech throws some light on the impression it made in party circles. The New York *World*, the leading party organ in the East, admits that the Missouri Senator has earned the right to be considered a candidate for the Democratic nomination, but it then goes on to call attention to both good and bad qualities in the Missourian's make-up:

"He is a terrible prosecutor. He is a man of deep and reckless prejudices. He believes in freedom of opinion, but has

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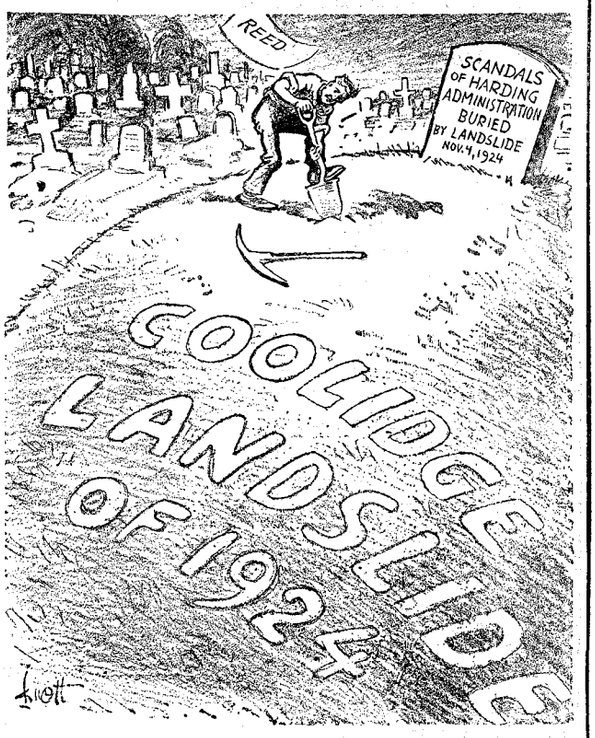
LIFE WILL NOT BE DULL WITH HIM AROUND
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.



LOOKING FOR A LIVE ISSUE
—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

LIGHT AND GRAVE ASPECTS OF THE REED RUMPUS

no respect for the opinions of others. There are never two sides to a question.

"The trouble with Senator Reed is that he is too violent in his prejudices to learn. When he talks about foreign affairs, for example, he has an almost childish disposition to discover treason and conspiracy."

Senator Reed has made too many enemies to be a Presidential candidate, in the opinion of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, and other Democratic critics include the Dallas *News* and the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

And yet a number of Democratic dailies welcome the appearance of Jim Reed as a campaigner. "He is needed as a crusader, declares the Birmingham *Age-Herald*. The Houston *Post-Dispatch* agrees that "Senator Reed has put his lance upon the most vulnerable spots in the Republican armor," and that he is "outlining a party strategy which would create consternation in G. O. P. circles."

Independent papers in many instances agree with the Democratic dailies that it is a good thing for Senator Reed to make an open attack on Republican policies and Republican corruption, past and present. To quote a Scripps-Howard editorial: "Reed has had the intelligence to see the significance of corruption in our public life, has had the courage to denounce it, the words to express it, and the voice to carry it to all the country."

And yet there are papers professedly without party preferences which are less complimentary. In the opinion of the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.), "the education of the electorate is not advanced by glittering generalities, by sweeping indictments of the party in power, by nebulous promises of magic reforms."

Most Republican papers are almost as critical of Senator Reed as he is of Republican national office-holders. The Troy *Record* simply says he is "talking through his hat." The Philadelphia *Inquirer* finds "a screw loose in his make-up." The Boston *Transcript* finds him going "to the limit of demagogism," and across the continent the San Diego *Union* comes to a similar conclusion, while in the Middle West the Chicago *Tribune* doubts that "a party issue can be made of the oil scandals."

ALABAMA'S FLOGGERS

THE MOST HOPEFUL SCRAP OF PAPER that has made its appearance in Alabama in many moons, in the opinion of one of the State's own newspapers, is the report of a special grand jury in which 102 indictments were found against thirty-seven men charged with flogging white and negro residents of Crenshaw and Butler counties. Thirty-six of the floggers, it is said, were officials and members of the Klan. This is the third time in three months that the hooded order has been dealt a blow, says a Montgomery dispatch. The strange thing about the latest anti-Klan offensive is that it is being launched by Charles C. McCall, State's Attorney-General, despite the fact that he himself was until October 19 a member of the Klan, and was elected with Klan support. Less than a year after his election, telegraphs the Montgomery *Times* in reply to a request for Alabama editorial comment, "the responsible heads of the Klan have been brought out into the light of day." "The lash and the mask are on the run in Alabama," adds another Alabama paper, the Eufaula *Citizen*. But other Alabama editors warn us that the fight has just begun, for indictment falls far short of conviction. The Andalusia *Star*, however, believes that—

"The findings of the Crenshaw County grand jury will have a far-reaching effect, regardless of the outcome of the trials. The evidence showed that flogging in each case was done by members of the Klan. This fact alone would indicate that there is an element in the order which assumed that whippings could be administered by members without having to pay the legal penalty. The very fact that the State has been able to show that the courts are greater than the secret order will have a wholesome effect in Alabama."

The most damaging revelation made at Luverne, the county seat, during the grand jury investigation, telegraphs the Birmingham *Post*, "was the notice served on the world that a Klansman regards his oath to the Klan as taking precedence over his oath to the State." Therein lies the menace of the Klan, thinks the editor of this daily, "for it is setting up a government within a

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government. And that is anarchy." The people of Alabama, declares the Tuscaloosa *News*, "are not ready to accord to any order, creed, or fraternal organization the authority which they have vested in the courts." "There can be but one governing power—the regularly constituted tribunals of the land," adds the Luverne *Journal*.

The issue in Crenshaw County, we are told, was clearly drawn between law and lawlessness. The action of the grand jury, maintains *The Tri-Cities Daily*, of Sheffield, "has vindicated the people of Alabama." It has also vindicated Attorney-General McCall, "who was hailed as a briefless young lawyer during the 1926 political campaign," notes the Anniston *Star*. Now that the clean-up has started, the Florence *Times-News* hopes the action of the courts "will be such as to stamp out masked violence in Alabama."

The history of the fight that is now going on is told by a special correspondent of the Scripps-Howard newspapers in a dispatch from Montgomery, the State capital:

"The fact that Attorney-General McCall knows the inner workings of the order has made it possible for him to level deadly blows. He has ordered its members into court and sent them to jail when they refused to come. He has searched the Klaverns of local organizations and the homes of Klan officials. He has seized records, correspondence, regalia, and paraphernalia.

"The issue now is whether the Klan is superior to the law in Alabama. Cecil Davis, a former State Klan officer, when called before a Crenshaw County grand jury at Luverne, bluntly declared that Klan law was superior to Alabama law, and refused to answer questions because 'my oath as a Klansman prevents me.' He was sent to jail for five days, and boasted that he would be free in twenty-four hours by action of Governor Graves. But this hope was in vain, and he served the sentence.

"The Klan is afraid of McCall in Blount County, where he sent two men to the penitentiary for kidnaping, and five others pleaded guilty in order to get jail sentences. In Jefferson County, of which Birmingham is the county seat, and where the Klan has been all-powerful for a decade, he indicted twelve men. Their trials were to begin to-day, October 19, with McCall prosecuting personally.

"Klan leaders are striving desperately to find some way of pacifying McCall and calling him off. As yet they have found no way, and apparently there is little likelihood that they will, as McCall comes more and more to appreciate the wide-spread endorsement given by the State to his prosecution."

In his resignation from the Klan, Mr. McCall said:

"I regard my oath as an officer of the law superior to any private and fraternal obligation I can take, and I do not feel that I should follow longer under the leadership of those leaders of the Klan in Alabama, who, in my judgment, are placing themselves at war with constituted authorities."

But the Davis incident is "proof positive" to the Birmingham *News* that many members of the Klan place their oath of allegiance to the hooded order ahead of their oath of allegiance to the State. Says *The News:*

"Davis, a reputed former Grand Titan of the Klan, not only places his loyalty to the Klan above his loyalty to the State, but states the reasons why he does so. He admits, to all intents and purposes, that in his judgment the Klan is superior to the State. He almost boasts that it is superior.

"How many members of the Ku Klux Klan in Alabama have this Davis spirit of rebelliousness against this State's laws and institutions? How many Klansmen here yield obedience to this supergovernment?"

"It has remained for Davis to reveal in all its nakedness the pretensions of this hooded organization," points out the Birmingham *Age-Herald*. "He refuses to fulfil his duty to the State because he owes a higher duty to the Klan." Now, observes the Mobile *Register:*

"It may not be technically treason for a citizen to permit his oath to a secret organization to interfere with his oath to the State, but it is at least treasonable in its significance when a citizen of this State tells a court that he can not answer questions put to him by the Attorney-General in a matter of profound importance to the State, actually refuses to answer such questions, and, on the issue thus raised, goes to jail for contempt of court.

"What are we coming to in Alabama when citizens who pretend to be devoted to American institutions assume this treasonable attitude toward the law and the courts of the State? If justice is to be blocked in Alabama by obligations assumed by citizens in oaths they have taken to secret organizations, we are in a bad way. Alabama is bigger than the Ku Klux Klan, bigger than any other organization in the State, whether hooded or unhooded, and citizens who fail to realize it ought to be brought to book.

"On the basis of the grand jury report, it may be a question whether the State should not take immediate steps to vacate the charter of the Klan, not only in Crenshaw County, but throughout the State. Alabama, its confidence abused, its good name soiled, its laws violated, its sense of justice and decency outraged, would seem to be justified in seeking to revoke all charters under which secret conspiracies against the law are executed."

IF COLUMBUS WERE TO VISIT ALABAMA TO-DAY
—Maxwell in the Birmingham *Age-Herald*.

A few Northern papers, however, would treat the members of the Klan in the harshest possible manner. Says the Chicago *Tribune*, for example, of Mr. Davis, who refused to answer the grand jury's questions:

"No citizen who regards his citizenship oath would make such an excuse, for it places an obligation to the Klan above the obligation to the country. The ex-Grand Titan puts his Klan loyalty above his loyalty to the United States, and he deserves not only to be sent to jail, but to be deprived of his privileges as an American citizen.

"An organization that exacts such an obligation is outlaw and seditious, and its claims to be a protector of Americanism are bogus. It does not express American ideals and principles, but repudiates them. The Klan does not represent Americanism, but its opposite. It represents the ignorance and intolerance which persist in spite of Americanism."

Judging from recent State activities, however, the Baltimore *Evening Sun* is convinced that "Alabama has regained its sovereignty," and the Asheville *Citizen* observes that Klan officials are on the defensive and fighting what most of them realize to be a losing battle."

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THE COOLIDGE BEAR-HUNT

THE PLEASANTEST SURPRIZE the Wall Street bulls had during the early fall was the appearance on the news ticker last week of President Coolidge's declaration that the tide of good times is not receding. As one stock market interpreter put it, "the White House whip cracked over the bears and they scurried to cover." In the words of one Washington dispatch, the President considers prosperity "on the increase, with bigger buying of luxuries as well as necessities just ahead." All the signs that he can discern favor a picking up of business rather than a recession, notes another correspondent. Of course, Mr. Coolidge "with his characteristically exact and cautious mind, is careful to avoid putting himself in the position of making prophecies," remarks Mark Sullivan in one of his New York *Herald Tribune* dispatches. This conservative optimism, the correspondents all tell us, is based on data presented to the President by the "business secretaries of his Cabinet," Messrs. Mellon, Hoover, Jardine, and Davis. As the President is not quoted directly by the press, we take this brief summary of his views from the Washington correspondence of the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

"SEE WHAT *I* COOKED!"
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

"The construction program seems to be going on well, for up to October 8 the amounts of contracts let were only one-fourth of one per cent. below what they were a year ago. There has been a falling off in the net receipts, but not in the volume of business being done by the railroads. There has been some diminution in passenger traffic, a condition which has been apparent over the past several years and attributed to the increasing number of automobiles in use. This situation does not affect business generally and, it was represented, the President is inclined to the belief that it it is indicative of better economic conditions.

"The movement of coal has fallen off, due to the fact that the people who last year laid in large supplies in anticipation of a strike are now using their accumulations, and until these stocks are depleted the demand will be less heavy than normal.

"The coal strike has been settled to a very considerable degree in Illinois, most of Indiana, and a considerable portion of Ohio.

"Crops, with the exception of cotton, are fully as good as last year. Due to favorable weather conditions, the corn crop has increased materially during the past few weeks, and while the price is not as high as anticipated, it is larger than last year. Prices of cattle are very high, and the sheep and hog industry is in good condition. The price of wheat is fair, and of cotton, better than a year ago.

"A very considerable increase in the production of automobiles in the near future is expected.

"A considerable number of people have been out of employment, but reports to the Labor Department indicate the number is decreasing. Here again it is possible that the resumption of activities in the Ford plants and sales agencies is leading to the reemployment of men who had been laid off.

"Mail-order-house sales have materially increased over the last year. This is taken by the President as an indication of larger buying power, in part, of the people. He is said to feel that with better conditions in the agricultural sections over last year, the buying power of the farmers will be greatly increased, a situation good for all business throughout the country.

"Conditions in the textile industries show some improvement. They have not been good for two or three years.

"The steel industry is picking up somewhat, but it is not yet back to the maximum of production. The replenishment of railroad equipment is anticipated, which will bring more business to the steel industry.

"Exports and imports are keeping pace with those of last year. There has been some decrease in the dollar value of imports, attributed to lower prices for crude rubber."

The President's report of improvement in agriculture is confirmed by several authorities. President James Simpson of Marshall Field and Company is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune* as saying, just before departing for Europe, that because of the present buying power of American rural districts, he had no fear that prosperity would abate and curtail turnovers in the wholesale trade. Editorially *The Herald Tribune* calls attention to the revelation in Department of Agriculture crop reports that "September weather conditions have been no less progressively favorable to the farmer than were those of July and August, the result being another 2 per cent. improvement last month." It adds:

"It is in the indicated money yield on the chief crops rather than in the volume produced that agriculture is the chief gainer, however."

The editors of four live-stock and farm papers of the Middle West have recently given to the public their joint view of agricultural conditions in which they say, as quoted in the Chicago dailies and press dispatches: "Not only are farm conditions in general much better, affording the chance to make a profit wherever the weather has behaved itself favorably, but production is now on a basis promising fair returns for some time to come."

But there is a tendency in some quarters to wonder whether the President is not overoptimistic. In Wall Street, according to the New York *Times*, there is mild surprize over the President's cheerful interpretation of our foreign-trade figures. It is interesting to note that on the day before the President spoke, H. Parker Willis, editor of *The Journal of Commerce*, reviewing the financial situation, made the following interesting survey of business conditions, which he finds not altogether satisfactory:

"During the past few days decline of business activity has been more generally admitted than at any time heretofore. Unfilled orders of the Steel Corporation as reported on October 10 showed a decline of 48,000 tons, putting the general level of new business back to where it was at midsummer, while the rank and file of steel-producing concerns are a good deal worse off than the United States Steel Corporation. Textiles have been deprest for some time, and are now in a worse way than ever owing to unsettlement in the prices of raw material and lack of demand for some kinds of goods. The motor trade has not recovered from its disorganization, due to the change of policy of the Ford Company, and is not likely to recover in the near future. Railroad freight movements have been fair, but apparently there is little reason to look for genuine recovery of earnings, the recession noted some time ago being still in full blast. There has been a good retail trade consequent upon the improvement in the agricultural districts as reported by the Government in its recent statement showing 867,000,000 bushels of wheat and 2,604,000,000 bushels of corn, but there are a good many agricultural sections in which the economic situation is far from sound. According to recent estimates a substantial degree of unemployment in factory labor still exists."

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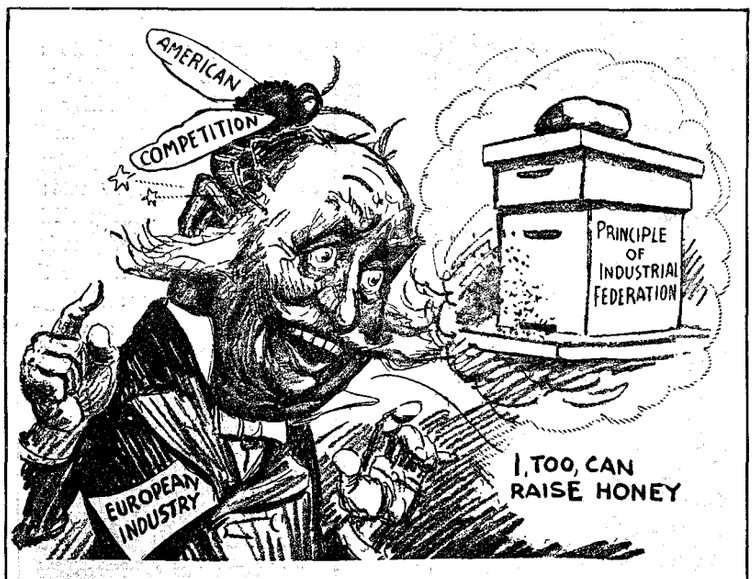
EUROPE'S NEW CHEMICAL WARFARE

A SERIOUS TRADE WAR, in which American chemical interests, hampered by antitrust laws, will be outclassed, is predicted by some of the leaders of this comparatively new American industry, following the announcement on October 15 that the leading nations of Europe have formed a billion-dollar chemical trust. Like the international steel combine formed last year to compete against our steel industry, the chemical and dye trust just formed by Germany, Great Britain, France, and Belgium, it is said, intends to make economies in production and distribution without increasing prices, and to invade the markets of foreign countries where the American chemical industry has gained a leading position since the war. Together with the British plan to control the rubber industry so that American and other consumers would have to pay higher prices for the commodity, and the attitude of France toward the United States in the matter of tariff duties on imports from this country, this additional combine is said to constitute a serious challenge to American industry. Moreover, explains the New York *World:*



STUNG INTO THE IDEA

—Pease in the Newark *Evening News.*

"Still other international industrial combinations are reported to be in a formative stage. Indeed, an agreement in the aluminum industry involving producers in Germany, France, England, Switzerland, Austria, and Norway is already in operation. German and British steamship lines have reached a partial understanding, and steps have been taken to bring together the electrical and textile industries of the leading producing countries.

"Such centripetal tendencies in overseas industries may have far-reaching consequences for the whole Western world. The movement has not been dictated by political considerations, but by economic necessity. The bankers and industrialists abroad have conceived the idea of pooling resources, of dividing territory, and of keeping down costs by not bidding against one another for materials. Their purpose is to recapture the trade which Europe lost to the United States during the war. The matter is of no little concern to this country. Our domestic output now exceeds our domestic consumption, and to maintain our present production we must seek outlets for our surplus. In doing this we shall face henceforth on an increasing scale the competition of an industrially united Europe."

According to Paris dispatches to the New York *Times:*

"The real purpose of this, the greatest of the Old World's efforts toward industrial cooperation, is to go after the world's markets, in which the United States chemical industry has gained a leading position since the war. The European chemical industry received a terrific blow from the World War, while the American chemical business, before that negligible, profited by the European collapse and rapidly assumed a strong position.

"Most observers believe that the chemical trust will be a much more serious challenge to American big business than the much-discust steel trust. One of the first things the trust will do will be to organize a central sales system, which consists of all members pooling their sales and distribution machinery and combining to make one organization, thus materially reducing overhead charges. In Europe the trust will divide the markets, Germany serving one field, France another, and Great Britain still another. It will greatly reduce the cost of distribution and selling by using one line of ships, instead of two.

"Those behind the European trust movement hope to organize all the key industries of the Old World along the same lines within the next three years, thus making Europe a unit in meeting the competition of the American industrial machine."

In the opinion of Francis P. Garvan, head of the Chemical Foundation, the new European chemical trust is an attempt to reestablish "Germany's chemical supremacy. And that means German military and industrial supremacy." To the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

"The object of the new combination appears to be that of excluding us from various outside markets—fencing off these areas from our trade penetration, so to speak. Just at this time we are engaged in both tariff, general trade, and capital negotiations involving several of the nations said to be engaged in this joint attack on our business. If, upon investigation, the current reports of 'cartel' attack should prove to be well founded, and if the countries involved in them should profess themselves unable to control the acts of their own citizens, a taste of similar medicine may stimulate their energy. They may well be informed that persistence along present lines will cut them off both from our consumers and our lenders of capital.

"European aggression upon a trade which occupies the peculiar strategic position held by our chemical industry is in itself suspicious. It must be met by the use of such methods of defense or retaliation as seem to be essential. Fire must be used to fight fire, when necessary."

On the other hand, B. C. Forbes, writing in the Hearst papers, does not believe that the European chemical combine "will smother our own youthful, but virile and enterprising industry." And Pittsburgh, "which seems destined to occupy an even more important place in our chemical industry," according to *The Post-Gazette* of that city, "is interested in the new trust, but not much worried." To the New York *Times*, there is nothing in the recent announcement "that need necessarily alarm Americans." As this paper explains:

"Thanks to the men who, while we were at war, perceived the emergency and labored untiringly to meet it, we have achieved our chemical independence. It is now estimated that our chemical industries are able to produce nearly everything required by our domestic manufacturers, and have a capacity at present twice as great as the consumptive demand.

"We need not be frightened by this apparent threat from across the ocean, but we should be spurred by it to put forth new energies. Not for a moment can we afford to relax the effort to make our great chemical industries stronger and more comprehensive each year. The European challenge is essentially one to American brains. We must see exactly what we have to face. It is a matching of skill against skill; technical organization against technical organization; above all, research against research. Our young chemists must redouble their zeal. Laboratories in our universities and elsewhere must see the need of stimulating inquiry along every possible line, and of training experts and experimenters so that they may be able to equal the best in Europe.

"The highly organized and thoroughly equipped chemists of Germany and France and England will set us a hot pace. But there is no doubt that our chemical industries can maintain it, if they go on putting capital, wisely mixed with brains, into their great enterprises."

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KEEPING THE TOGA IN THE FAMILY

ARE WE TO HAVE "FERGUSONISM" in Indiana's capital? This question is asked by the Indianapolis *Star*, Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and other Middle West newspapers, as Mayor Duvall, of Indianapolis, prior to his conviction on a charge of corrupt political practises, names his wife City Controller. Since the Controller automatically becomes Mayor, should that executive resign or be removed from office, this move on the part of Mayor Duvall is interpreted as an attempt to keep the mayoralty toga in the family. Not that Mayor Duvall intends to resign or allow himself to be removed. Even after his recent conviction and sentence to thirty days in jail and a fine of $1,000, the Mayor announced on October 12 that he would continue in the office. Under the law, it seems, the Mayor may remain so long as an appeal to the State Supreme Court is being prosecuted. But if there should be a slip in his plans, the Controller, Mrs. Maude Duvall, will run things. Incidentally, points out a Baltimore *Sun* correspondent at the Indiana capital, Mrs. Duvall "makes the tenth member of the family to be carried on the city pay-roll."

The Indianapolis *Star*, the New York *World*, and other newspapers see in Mayor Duvall's appointment of his wife "another Ferguson case." "When the political firm of 'Pa' and 'Ma' Ferguson, of Texas, sought the governorship of that State—and vindication—it was by the dusty traveled road of caucus, primaries, and election," we are reminded by *The World*. "How much simpler if 'Jim' Ferguson could have appointed 'Ma' to succeed himself!" Mrs. Duvall, the Boston *Globe* fears, "is not likely to be any better as Mayor than Mrs. Ferguson was as Governor. But the person to blame in each instance is the erring husband, striving to hold office in his wife's name." And, declares the Indianapolis *Star:*

"This city is in no mood for any 'Pa' Ferguson tactics in the directing of its municipal affairs. Mayor Duvall need not imagine he is helping himself, in the estimation of the people, by trying to hide behind the skirts of his wife. He is doing himself no good and is letting Mrs. Duvall in for a lot of criticism and unpleasantness that, one might suppose, he would be anxious to have her spared."

"Indiana's unsavory political mess, or at least that part of it which directly concerns Indianapolis," thinks the Springfield *Union*, "has been made just a bit more unsavory by the appointment of Mrs. Duvall." In the opinion of the Washington *Star*, "it does not lessen the outrage against public propriety that the Mayor's wife will give her salary to charity. The fact remains that Mayor Duvall is using his wife to hold the office in the family." To the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, this action "amounts to a defiance and evasion of the law and the courts, and a slap in the face of the public." And the Columbus *Dispatch* is convinced that—

"While the appointment seems to be legal, it is an act of official indecency which self-respecting citizens of Indianapolis, let us hope, will generally condemn. One might suggest that the Governor of Indiana be asked to summon a special session of the legislature; but, alas, the Governor of Indiana is at the present moment himself under indictment for conduct similar to that of the Mayor of Indianapolis!"

In the opinion of the Indianapolis *Star:*

"The one decent thing Mayor Duvall can do now is to resign. His usefulness as Mayor of this city is at an end. If he is not willing to accept the logic of the situation, the city Council should take steps to get him out of office. He stands convicted on the record, and has convicted himself, in the estimation of the people, of unfitness to be at the head of the city government."

The crime for which Mayor Duvall was convicted, we are told, was committed before he was sworn in as Mayor. According to the Indianapolis *News:*

"Duvall was tried on the specific charge that he promised William H. Armitage, politician, that he might name two members of the Board of Public Works and the City Engineer in return for his support of Duvall's candidacy for Mayor. The State also alleged that Duvall accepted $14,500 from Armitage with this understanding.

P & A photograph

THE CONTROLLER

Keystone View Company

THE MAYOR

The first woman to hold the Controllership of Indianapolis is Mrs. Maude Duvall, wife of Mayor John L. Duvall. She was appointed by His Honor just prior to his conviction on a charge of violation of the Corrupt Practises Act. She will automatically succeed her husband if he resigns or is ousted. Mrs. Duvall, who was a book-keeper in the Indianapolis bank of which her husband formerly was president, says she will give her salary of $4,000 to charity.

"Testifying in his own behalf at the trial, Duvall admitted receiving money from Armitage, but said the amount was $12,000 and not $14,500; and he said he returned the money to Armitage after the election. His explanation of the matter was that he desired to protect the interests of the taxpayers by keeping Armitage from getting control of the works board. He said he feared that Armitage might spend this money in the behalf of the opposing mayoralty candidate."

The conviction of Mayor Duvall is interpreted by the editor of the Vincennes (Ind.) *Commercial* as "the beginning of a new day in Indiana," and by the South Bend *Tribune* as "a staggering blow to corruption." It is said by the Springfield (Mass.) *Union* to be "the initial victory for the forces in Indiana that are seeking to purge the State of corrupt political practises." The Chicago *Daily News* and Cleveland *Plain Dealer* believe "the people of Indiana are to be congratulated on the thoroughness with which they are going about their political housecleaning." The conviction of the Mayor, thinks the Evansville *Press*, "will go far to restore confidence in Indiana that the courts are not controlled by politicians or political machines." To the Chicago *Tribune*, however:

"The significance of the conviction lies in the fact that Duvall was the favored candidate of the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-Saloon League. The conviction and sentencing of Duvall can be interpreted as a verdict against these two agencies. The conviction is a demonstration of the kind of candidate which bigotry commonly prefers. . . . The indications are that Indiana is passing from beneath the yoke of bigotry. What is happening in Indiana promises well for the rest of the nation."

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THE FIGHT OVER THE FIGHT FILMS

CONSIDERABLE AMUSEMENT is being afforded the ungodly by the nation-wide struggle now going on between would-be exhibitors of the films picturing the Dempsey-Tunney fight and Federal officials who are endeavoring to enforce the law prohibiting their transportation from one State to another. We have here the paradoxical case of a Government that has benefited heavily from taxes upon the gate receipts of the fight, earnestly striving to prevent the appearance of a movie version of this classic contest as a menace to public morals. This inconsistency arises from the fact that ring battles take place under State laws, which legalize them locally, while the interstate distribution of the films that reproduce such contests violates a Federal enactment. A regrettable feature of the affair, as noted by the press, is the increasing unconcern with which numbers of our citizens seem to regard a Federal statute, and the seeming belief that the law departments of the Government may be flouted with immunity.

YOU CAN RACE HORSES AND PLAY FOOTBALL IN THE MOVIES —
AND EVERY OTHER FORM OF SPORT
YOU CAN PET, ROB A BANK, AND EVEN COMMIT MURDER
THE LAW
BUT YOU CAN'T SHOW A PICTURE OF A PRIZE FIGHT!
LAW PROHIBITING THE TRANSPORTATION OF FIGHT FILMS
STATE LINE
PRIZE FIGHT PICTURES

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

The ambiguous character of the statute that Federal officers are endeavoring to enforce is thus set forth by the Philadelphia *Record:*

"The United States Government can not meddle with the police powers of the several States. It is concerned only with the transportation of the films in interstate commerce. It goes after the receiver as well as the sender of fight films in these terms—defining what is unlawful:

"'To take or receive from the mails or any express company or other common carrier, with intent to sell, distribute, circulate or exhibit, any matter or thing herein forbidden to be deposited for mailing, delivery or carriage in interstate commerce.'

"What lawyers may make out of this no man can say until the courts shall have passed upon it; but to the laity, guided only by common sense, it is apparent that, while it is illegal to send films depicting an 'encounter of pugilists' from State to State by whatever means, it is unlawful to receive them only when they come by mail, express, or common carrier."

As an example of the difficulties encountered by United States attorneys in conducting cases against alleged infractions of this law, we have an account in the New York *Times* of a futile attempt made to trace the entry of the films into New York State. P. Bosewick, president of the company claiming to own the State rights for exhibiting the fight pictures, who asserted that they were running in thirty-five metropolitan moving-picture houses, appeared to know very little when questioned as to the source from which he acquired them. According to *The Times*, he was aware only that he had purchased the rights from a man "known to him as Wasserman, who lived in Brooklyn, but that he knew nothing else about him."

"Mr. Bosewick said that he had 'bumped into' Mr. Wasserman on the street, and that the latter had offered to sell him the New York State rights to the film.

"'When I asked him where he got the film,' said Mr. Bosewick, 'he told me that was none of my business. When I agreed to buy the New York rights, he delivered the pictures, and that's all I know about it.'"

From the New York *Herald Tribune* we learn that

"Motion-picture films of the Tunney-Dempsey fight were subpenaed in the case of four theaters here yesterday and taken to the offices of the Federal authorities. There was a threat on the part of one manager to obtain other films and continue with the performance, and another manager, who would not say what he intended, actually did this.

"The Federal grand jury began its investigation in the morning and listened to two of the five persons subpenaed for the first hearing. United States Attorney Tuttle said later that twenty more subpenas had been issued against the films, and certain individuals believed to be connected with the transportation of the pictures from Chicago.

"He said the investigation would continue for three or four days, and if the question arose as to whether or not the law applied to exhibitors, the grand jury would ask for an interpretation from the court."

A dispatch from San Francisco to the New York *Times* states that the action begun there against George L. (Tex) Rickard, promoter of the fight, in connection with the transportation of the films has been dropt, but only, so Federal officials declared, in order that the Government could "center its action against the promoter in the East instead of attempting to bring him to California for prosecution."

"Eugene Bennett, Acting United States Attorney, asserted that Rickard 'is becoming more and more involved.' He stated it as his belief that Rickard owned the majority interest in the film, despite the latter's assertion that he had sold the film rights to an Eastern concern, and by the terms of his contract with the motion-picture people had refused to have anything to do with distribution of the films."

Press comments on the situation indicate a good deal of impatience with the type of legislation that makes possible such a state of affairs. As the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* puts it,

"We are passing out of the time when people governed themselves. Bureaus established to decide what we shall eat, drink, think, read, see, and believe have taken the place once occupied by approachable and responsive departments of the Federal Government. Yet so long as these bureaus exist, the Federal Government must uphold their dignity or be in danger of losing something of its own."

The Washington *Post*, after pointing out that the constitutionality of the Federal law has been upheld by the courts, "altho put to every conceivable legal test," is convinced that

"When one considers the merits of the case, especially in view of the fact that round-by-round descriptions of championship bouts to-day are broadcast into millions of homes, it would appear that the prohibition has lost its meaning, and that the law should be repealed. Whether or not this can be accomplished, however, is another matter."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

WHAT this country needs is more non-stop matrimonial flights.—*Toledo Blade.*

RADIO announcers are well paid and will not work for the love of mike.—*Louisville Times.*

IF there is anything in association of names, Hoover ought to sweep the country.—*The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

MOTHER writes to know what to do for a growing boy who is straining his eyes through overstudy. Our advice would be to send him to college.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

PROSPERITY is the period when people run up bills that worry them during a business depression.—*Detroit News.*

WHAT the political parties seem to want is a platform that can be used as a raft in wet districts.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

WE have often wondered if professional fasters do not begin weaning themselves from food by eating in tea-rooms.—*Louisville Times.*

AN American visitor has taken several suits of heavy armor with him back to the States. Presumably for Chicago wear.—*Punch.*

MALE members of a Chicopee, Massachusetts, church have drawn up a decalog for their wives. Optimism could go no further.—*Louisville Times.*

IT should be remembered that the eradication of illiteracy and ignorance in this country would make it practically impossible to get juries.—*Nashville Banner.*

PARDON US, OFFICER, IF WE SEEM TO SNICKER

—T. Burt in the Washington *Daily News.*

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG stoutly maintains that Germany drew her sword in self-defense, but he doesn't explain how she happened to be so far from home when attacked.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

THE fashioners of fashions in Paris have let it be known that it's going to be too chic this season for the ladies to wear hair that matches their gowns. We never thought we would live to see baldness popular.—*New York Evening Post.*

MANY a go-getter is afterward sorry he gotter.—*The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

LONDON has a snake hospital. Perhaps they can teach the adder to keep the books.—*Louisville Times.*

PROBABLY no other country ever had a Navy so deficient in peace time and so efficient in war as ours.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

"CAN Governor Smith unite the Democratic party?" asks a publicist. Mayhap. But Wet and Dry united sometimes make Mud.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

ONE difference between Coolidge and Tunney is that Tunney did choose to run.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IT'S all right for a girl to seek a model husband, but while she is at it she should be sure he is a working model.—*Louisville Times.*

ONE of the troubles with the young people of to-day seems to be that they are so terribly afflicted with youth.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THAT Boston woman who never rode in an automobile and lived to be ninety knew the first essential of longevity.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

ARCHEOLOGISTS in Arizona have found an unfinished dam that is more than a thousand years old. It must be a State job.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

CHINESE soldiers, according to a dispatch, recently became frightened at seeing a typewriter and took to their heels. It must have been the one Sinclair Lewis uses.—*New York Evening Post.*

NEWS item says that many New York business men now see airplanes as an auxiliary to motor travel. As we understand it, the air pilot is sent on ahead to scout out the necessary parking space.—*Detroit News.*

RATS having invaded the United States treasury and gone to eating up the money, Congressmen who failed to get their pet appropriations through at the last session regard the visitation as a judgment from heaven.—*Chicago Daily News.*

MEXICAN CACTI

WHEN a Mexican minority is buried, it isn't under any landslide, either.—*Dallas News.*

RUNNING from the Presidency is the only safe thing in Mexico.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

GREAT Moral Victory—One Mexican rebel leader has made a triumphal entry into New Orleans.—*New York American.*

A BILL for political campaign expenses in Mexico would, no doubt, include principally ammunition.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

"HERE'S another campaign bulletin," the Mexican politician remarked. "So?" replied his droll companion. "Which candidate is the bullet in?"—*Detroit News.*

How election practises differ! Down in Mexico they send voters to the graveyards. Up here the big city practise often is to go to the graveyards for them.—*Marion Star.*

AS for us, if we lived in Mexico, we wouldn't want to be even mentioned for President.—*Dallas News.*

THE Chicago idea seems to be dominant as Mexico prepares for the coming election.—*Nashville Banner.*

AT any rate, when the Mexican election is over there will be little desire for a recount of the votes.—*Wichita Eagle.*

BRUCE GOULD contends that at least President Calles has proved himself a pretty thorough executive.—*New York Evening Post.*

IT now develops that Mr. Morrow got his training for that Mexican ambassadorship during the Wall Street explosion.—*New York Evening Post.*

ON being asked in 1958 the secret of his longevity, an aged Mexican statesman said simply but sincerely: "I did not choose to run for President in 1928."—*Chicago Daily News.*

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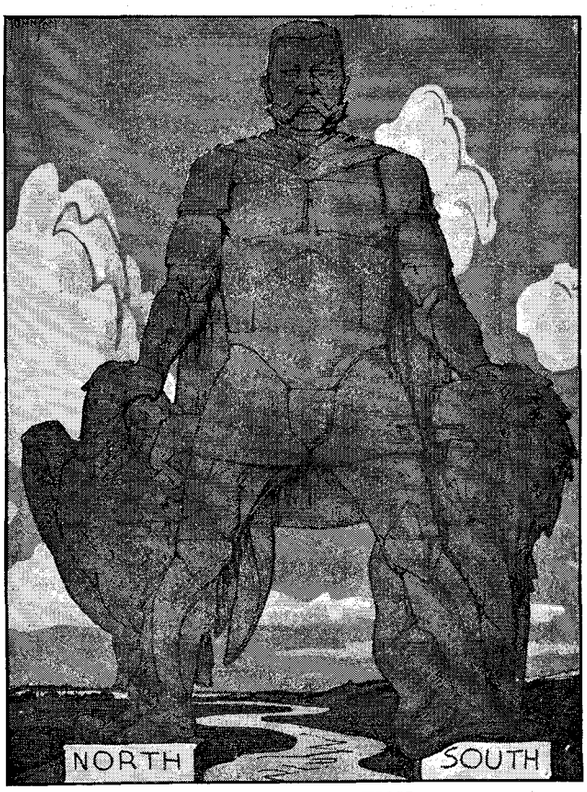
FOREIGN - COMMENT

HINDENBURG'S DENIAL OF "GERMAN WAR GUILT"

A TWO-MINUTE SPEECH that awakened angry echoes in France and England was delivered by President Hindenburg at the dedication of a German national war memorial at Tannenberg, East Prussia, which commemorates the German Field Marshal's victory in the early days of the conflict when the Russian invasion was frustrated. For the first time, various press correspondents note, President Hindenburg repudiated publicly and officially the charge that Germany was responsible for the World War. What is more irritating to some English and French observers is that there is such wide-



GERMAN ADMIRATION

'Wherever you are—there is Germany."

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

spread approval of the Hindenburg speech among the Germans. Thus, Dr. Stresemann, Germany's Foreign Minister, said in an interview with a representative of the Paris *Matin* that President Hindenburg exprest the sentiment of the Germans in the Tannenberg speech, and "added nothing to the views already exprest many times by myself and other German statesmen." The text of this famous utterance is recorded in the press as follows:

"The Tannenberg national monument serves primarily as a memorial in commemoration of those who fell in freeing their Fatherland from enemy invasion. Not only in their memory, but also in honor of my living comrades, I feel it is my duty here on this occasion to say the following:

"The charge that Germany is guilty of the greatest of all wars, we, the German people, repudiate in all its phases. Not envy, hate, nor eagerness for conquest caused us to resort to weapons. War was a last resort for us, and the requiring of the greatest sacrifices of the entire people was the last means of maintaining our prestige against a host of enemies.

"With pure hearts we marched out to defend the Fatherland, and with pure hands the German Army wielded the sword. Germany is ever ready to prove it before impartial judges.

"In countless graves, which are monuments of German heroism, rest impartially warriors of all political views. They were then united in love and loyalty for a common Fatherland. Therefore on the walls of this memorial may internal antagonism be shattered forever. This is a sacred place to which all extend their hands, and which inspires love of the Fatherland, and in which German honor is paramount.

"With these wishes I open the gates of the Tannenberg Memorial."

A French retort to President Hindenburg was made by Premier Poincaré in the course of a speech delivered before the Council General of the Meuse, in the heart of the war area, when he said that:

"It is not here that we may take seriously the legend which some are attempting to create of a courteous invasion, respectful to civil populations and almost inoffensive. Too many old men and too many women were killed during the first few weeks of the war in our occupied villages where too many homes were burned. Our compatriots would indeed like to forget all this, but they do not wish to allow a lie to be established."

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* quotes another retort to President Hindenburg, made by Mr. Barthou, French Minister of Justice, which reads as follows:

"There are denials which history will not accept, and which, no matter who utters them, can not prevail against truth as testified to by facts, documents, and dates. The Germany of 1914, if her heart were really pure, could have avoided the war by accepting the mediation which was offered her.

"The Germany of 1914 had not clean hands either. After having been the victims of her cruelty, we will not allow our dead to be dishonored—our dead who fell defending their native land, invaded, occupied, and devastated by the spirit of conquest.

"This truth as to the origin of the war is our honor and our force. It can not be denied or travestied. We can agree to accept silence about it in the interests of peace, but it is only at that price that we can consent to forget."

As an indication of the enthusiastic approval with which President Hindenburg's speech was received in German Nationalist circles, we have the utterance of the Pan-German *Deutsche Zeitung*, which follows:

"Hindenburg, the Field Marshal and soldier, but also Hindenburg the President, has spoken. From August, 1914, up to the present day the world has been accustomed to listen when this man, the embodiment of German strength, German loyalty, and German soldierliness, has something to say. . . . No other nation in the world has a man like Hindenburg. All the others, the great men of other nations, clothe their speech in Parliamentary forms; they twist and turn, hesitate and avoid saying anything definite. Hindenburg's talk is the talk of a man. It admits of no twists and misinterpretations."

On the other hand, German newspapers not of the fire-eating kind are less enthusiastic, as, for instance, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which believes that such speeches, "because they try to say too much, and admit of too far-reaching interpretations, only embarrass and obstruct just aspirations to an impartial investigation of the questions of war guilt." The Social-Democratic *Vorwaerts* declares that a shrug of the shoulders is the only foreign answer that will be given to Hindenburg's appeal.

For all this, it is the opinion of the London Daily *Chronicle* that President Hindenburg's Tannenberg speech has not been disapproved by a single important organ of German opinion, and this newspaper believes that:

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"The fact is more serious than the speech; for it matters more what Germany thinks than what Hindenburg says. The basis of every policy of Allied friendship toward post-war Germany, from the Fourteen Points down to Locarno, has been and must be, that she has turned over a new leaf; that she is a democratic Republic dissociated from the policies of the militarist Empire; that she neither defends its crimes, nor continues its ambitions. Conversely the great aim of the Nationalist reactionaries in Germany has been to persuade the nation to abjure any such breach of continuity; and to defend and glorify the Hohenzollern policy, in order to readopt it.

"This is what gives the 'war-guilt' question its importance. In England it may now seem an academic dispute, which we are ready to leave to the historians. But in Germany it is a touch-stone, to show whether the nation has broken with the evil past, or whether it is harking back to it. That the militarists had gained menacing ground on some sides, was already obvious; thus not only do they run the Army, but they have largely removed it, as before the war, from Parliamentary control. But that now they can so far use the President as their mouth-piece and the press of all parties as their sounding-board, gives one still further to think. To say the least, it will not ease the immediate task of British statesmanship in pleading with France."

In the view of the London *Daily Mail* the speech may have been intended to placate the extreme Nationalists in Germany, and it will gratify them, but its author might have foreseen that it would create an unfavorable reaction elsewhere, and this newspaper continues:

"French journalists comment sarcastically on the 'clean hands' phrase, and suggest that it was perhaps the fires of Louvain which burnt out the bloodstains. Such recrimination is the last thing sensible people can desire. We are all anxious, so far as may be, to let the dead past bury its dead. But that is difficult when the leaders and rulers of Germany drag out and parade the ghosts in all their paraphernalia.

"The reply to the President's challenge is obvious. If Germany was wholly in the right, her adversaries must have been wholly in the wrong. The 'war-guilt' must be passed on to the Allies. That is not an imputation which we can leave unnoticed.

A FRENCH SLAM

"What Hindenburg did to the Locarno spirit."

—*La Victoire* (Paris).

ENGLISH SATIRE

"Just a little whitewash."

—*The Western Mail* (Cardiff).

"Do the Germans themselves believe in the innocence of their statesmen and rulers in 1914? If they do, why did they get rid of the ex-Kaiser? They would have acted with singular lack of generosity if they threw over their Sovereign merely because his armies were unsuccessful. We have always imagined that they revolted against the Emperor because they thought that he and his advisers were responsible for drawing the Reich into unjustifiable and unprovoked hostilities."

Referring to President Hindenburg's assertion that Germany is ready at any time to prove its innocence before impartial judges, the London *Daily News* reminds us that for two or three years German writers have been producing masses of evidence, more or less indeterminate in character, to prove either that their country was the innocent victim of a hostile foreign conspiracy, or that her late enemies were equally responsible for the war. At one time, it seems, there was a danger lest the German Government would refuse to enter the League of Nations until the whole question had been formally reviewed, but, this London daily adds:

"We do not think there is the least likelihood that any German Government would succeed in the near future in any conceivable circumstances in obtaining a formal review of the judgment of the civilized world in this matter. Not only would it be practically impossible to establish an impartial and at the same time an authoritative tribunal to try such an issue; but it is in the last degree improbable that the League itself or any group of nations would accept the obligations of such an inquiry. To imagine that France, Britain, and Belgium would sanction it, or acquiesce in any whitewashing document to enable Germany to regain her 'moral equality' with other nations, would be totally to misconceive national psychology and to forget how close this generation still lives to the most terrible event in the world's history. There is no reason to blame either Hindenburg for his earnest demand for a retrial of the issue or the German people at large for their passionate refusal to accept in full the verdict of contemporary history. After all, it places on a proud nation, whether guilty or innocent, or not wholly either, an almost unendurable odium. But even if Hindenburg had his way, the 'impartial tribunal,' instead of relieving Germany of the odium, might perpetuate it; and in any case it would have many calamitous reactions on European relationships."

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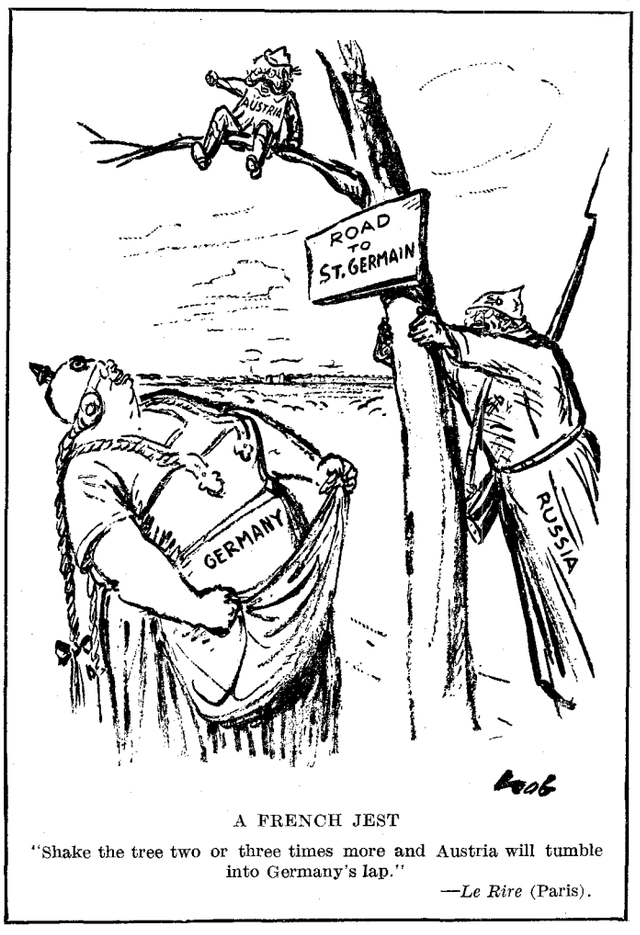
HOW THE PEACEMAKERS CONDEMNED AUSTRIA TO DEATH

HEMMED IN ON ALL SIDES and forbidden to grow, according to the conditions of the peace treaties, the question is constantly being debated as to whether the little State of Austria can live. Vienna, one of the world's great European capitals, and like all capitals dependent upon a prosperous proportionate country, we are told, instead of being at the head of a huge empire, is at the head of a tiny territory which is unable to support it. In the London *New Statesman*, Sisley Huddleston likens it to a millionaire's immense mansion whose master has suddenly been deprived of the greater part of his income. It is this perilous condition of Austria that keeps to the fore the question of *anschluss* or junction with Germany. Mr. Huddleston then advises us that Austria has been compared to a big-headed tadpole, but he adds that:

"This image, tho pictorially happy, merely describes the geographical conformation of the country, and does not convey an image of the material and moral difficulties of Austria. After all, the tadpole grows, and develops body and legs, and the head takes its rightful place in the organism. But Austria is forbidden to grow. It is hemmed in on all sides. Hence the doubts as to whether the little State with the large capital is viable. Hence the suggestion that the peacemakers condemned Austria to death.

"Diplomatists, who do not place conscience among their more important assets, became conscience-stricken with regard to Austria. Any impartial survey of the history which preceded the war would attribute greater guilt—or at least more immediate guilt—to the Austro-Hungarian Empire than to Germany. It was the Austro-Hungarian Empire's bullying of Serbia which precipitated the conflict. Yet nobody seemed to have real animosity toward Austria. Out of the empire were carved such countries as Czechoslovakia, and in part Poland, and they became allies, not enemies. Other portions of Austria-Hungary were attached to Roumania and Jugoslavia—likewise allies. The poor remnants of Hungary and of Austria were separated. Hungary, as we have seen lately, has powerful sympathizers both in British official circles and in a section of the British press, which perilously calls for an impossible territorial readjustment that would simply set Europe aflame. A good deal of assistance has been given to put Hungary on her financial feet.

"In the case of Austria the sympathy from the beginning has been more sincere, more active, and more general; for while Hungary has shown aggressiveness, Austria has mildly submitted to her fate. At first, indeed, Austria was so dispirited as to lie down to die. She was saved by the League of Nations, under whose auspices a loan was floated for the relief of the little republic. Austria plucked up heart and resolved to live independently. Yet not enough has been done by Austria's neighbors, who were once part of Austria, to give her favorable commercial treaties and a free port. Again the country is turning toward Germany, and it is possible that Austria's pride in her own traditions will sooner or later give way to the exigencies of sheer existence."



A FRENCH JEST

"Shake the tree two or three times more and Austria will tumble into Germany's lap."

—*Le Rire* (Paris).

According to Mr. Huddleston, there has been a progressive assimilation of Austria by Germany, and there is a growing consciousness of the affinities of the two countries. Whole chapters of the Austrian code have been copied from the German laws, we are told, and the same military rules for mobilization have been adopted and the same uniform. The telegraphic, telephonic, and postal relations enjoy the same internal tariff, and it appears that except for agricultural products there is a close customs understanding. The industries are associated in cartels, or trusts, we are told, and the intellectual organizations of Germany and Austria are working in common, and professors, authors, and musicians belong to the same societies. It is then recalled that:

"When in November, 1918, just after the Armistice, the provisional assembly of Vienna pronounced in favor of the attachment of Austria to Germany, the Allies urged that it would be paradoxical that Germany, after losing the war, should add six and a half million inhabitants to her population, and 83,000 square kilometers to her territory. But this was not merely a sentimental objection, not merely a matter of prestige. France would be naturally alarmed, numerically inferior as she already is, by the creation of a Greater Germany. Nor is this all. Other diplomatic considerations are still more important. Such a Greater Germany would have a common frontier with Italy nearly 300 miles in length. She would reach down to within sixty miles of the Adriatic. Either Italy would have to ally herself with Germany—and this is, having regard to the ambitions of Italy, highly improbable—or the rivalry of Italy and Germany would become dangerously acute. In the first case Italy would be dominated by Germany, and Europe would be seriously perturbed. In the alternative, Italy would perhaps successfully endeavor to raise a coalition against Germany.

"As for the Little Entente, it could not remain indifferent. Opinions may differ about the strength of the Little Entente in view of Italian intrigues during the past year, and I have sufficiently indicated my own view. Yet Czechoslovakia could not consent to be caught in a pair of pincers, and be surrounded, except for her Eastern extremity, by German territory. She would do everything to move the Powers. France and Italy would probably stand by her, and Roumania and Jugoslavia would be compelled, as a matter of life or death, to oppose a new German *Drang nach Osten*—the push eastwards—which would be possible by an arrangement with Hungary, whose territorial aspirations are ardent and have, as we have noted, been encouraged in unexpected quarters."

So it is difficult to see, Mr. Huddleston goes on to say, how European diplomacy can accept the policy of the *anschluss*, which would have incalculable consequences. Austria is denied the right, in the superior interest of Europe, to dispose of herself, but, this writer asserts:

"The moral is clear. Such a refusal of the right of self-determination (much vaunted in 1919) demands a counterpart; and if Austria is to live alone she is entitled, in all fairness, to economic concessions. Let it not be forgotten that, with the restricted domestic market of Austria, the Austrian industrialists must export 70 per cent. of their products. It becomes a duty, as well

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as good policy, if the *anschluss* is prohibited, to facilitate Austrian commerce with Central Europe. If there were fewer rivalries and jealousies in the Succession States, and a sensible view, apparently generous but really enlightenedly selfish, were taken, it should not be hard to confirm the Austrians in their sentiment against the conversion of the proud and historic city of the Hapsburgs into a mere chief town of a German province."

THE FASTEST GROWING COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

THE MOST RAPIDLY DEVELOPING country in the world is said to be Manchuria, and the rate at which it is being colonized is actually greater than that of Canada, while it absorbs yearly more immigrants than the United States. It is estimated that during the year which closes on October 31, 1,000,000 immigrants will have entered Manchuria. In the light of this fact, says the Tokyo *Japan Advertiser*, the railway rivalry in Manchuria which seemed so ominous has become a manageable problem, and this American-owned daily continues:

"It explains Mr. Matsuoka's [Vice-President of the South Manchuria Railway] conviction that there need be no fear of exaggerated competition between Japanese, Chinese, and Russian railway interests because 'production is increasing at such a rate that there will be more than sufficient freight for all of them'; and it explains his prediction that 5,000 miles of new railroad will be required in the next ten years.

"Statistics on the migration into Manchuria are clearly presented in a valuable and timely pamphlet on the subject which has just been published. ('Chinese Labor Migration to Manchuria,' by C. Walter Young, M. A. Chinese Government Bureau of Economic Information, Peking.) The migration is not new; Abbé Huc eighty years ago noted that the Chinese from Shantung and Chihli had 'burst like torrents upon Mantchouria,' but the pace has reached a pitch which promises in twenty-five years to give the Three Eastern Provinces a population equal to that of France or England. There is probably, as Mr. Young says, nowhere in the world to-day a migration similar in size or parallel in its bearing on a new area of colonization and industrial exploitation. During 1923 and 1924 approximately 400,000 Chinese immigrants arrived each year in Manchuria. In 1925 the influx rose to over half a million. During 1926 all ports of entry reported heavy increases on the previous figures, and since the last Chinese New Year (February 2, 1927) an entirely unprecedented increase has been proceeding. During March over 200,000 immigrants arrived at Dairen alone and of these over one-fourth were women and children."

Formerly immigration into Manchuria, we then read, was in part a seasonal movement of laborers who worked there in the summer and returned to China for the winter. But families are now going into Manchuria in much greater number, because it seems they have been driven from their homes by the ravages of interminable warfare and the ever-increasing exactions of the war-lords. The lands which are tapped by the new railways are being taken up, it is related, and the migration more and more acquires the character of a permanent settlement, and *The Japan Advertiser* adds:

"The effect on the development of the country's agricultural resources is obvious, and the presence of abundant cheap labor means also that Manchuria's latent resources of coal and iron can be effectively developed.

"Manchuria is showing what the Straits Settlements and Hongkong and the treaty ports have shown before—that the Chinese will colonize and work and thrive wherever elementary good government exists. They ask nothing from their rulers except that the worker shall be allowed to reap what he sows. Chang Tso-lin is no model ruler, but he can at least point to his domain and invite the eloquent 'states-boys' of the South to show any territory under their control with a similar record. But the flocking of refugees into the country could of itself do nothing except develop a primitive agriculture. The immigrants are arriving because the South Manchuria Railway has built railroads to new lands and has by its mines and other enterprises created openings for labor. Having seen the results of nearly twenty years of organized development, the Chinese in Manchuria would now like to build competitive lines and appropriate for themselves rights and interests which belong to Japan. Here we have the explanation of the railway projects against which Japan is protesting and of the boycott and agitation at Mukden.

"But the fact that a bargain is turning out well for both parties to it does not give one party any moral or legal right to break it so that he may have the profits without having done the pioneer work or shared the risks. Japan's position in Manchuria dates from 1905, and every international arrangement since then, up to and including the Washington Conference, has recognized and confirmed it. It is suggestive that the Mukden agitation has aroused no echo in the United States. Japan's rights are as well-secured in law and equity as any rights of the kind, and those remarkable immigration figures show how the Chinese have benefited by the development of Manchuria."

Rival railway-building is the field of dispute here between Japan and China, and according to *The Japan Advertiser*, Mr. Matsuoka has indicated publicly that on the questions now at issue Japan will not give way. His language is said to be sufficiently plain on this point, but, we are told:

"He also pointed to the line along which a solution of the question may be found. There is room enough for all the railways. Freight is increasing at the rate of a million tons a year and instead of competing with each other they are more likely to be called on to cooperate in order to handle the traffic."

OUR OUTCLASSED MERCHANT MARINE

ALTHO ONE OF THE LEADING industrial and exporting countries in the world, the United States has not maintained a high position in merchant marine when compared with certain other countries. This is the remark of the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, which acknowledges that this country has extensive merchant fleets on the high sees, but declares that in many respects our vessels are obsolete when compared with the latest developments in modern and high-speed craft, and it proceeds:

"Realizing that the permanent establishment of a merchant marine was vital to its future progress as regards commerce and national defense, Congress passed the Merchant Marine Act of 1920. This law clearly states that the United States shall have a merchant marine of the best equipped and most suitable types of vessel sufficient in size to carry the greater portion of its commerce.

"The Shipping Board has been operating under this law and attempting to do what it can with ships that were hastily constructed to fulfil the needs of the country during the war period. The Board, however, has many handicaps, of which the most outstanding is that the great bulk of the tonnage, having been designed on the basis of pre-war standards of speed and equipment, is almost completely outclassed by the newer and faster vessels that are being built by its foreign competitors. The motor-ship, a comparatively new departure in ocean transportation, has recently become a strong factor in speeding up the movement of freight between the various countries. It goes faster, it carries a smaller crew, and its propulsion costs are less. Nothing the United States has in its cargo fleet can compare with the motor-ship, and unless it goes more extensively into modern ways and means of handling ocean freight it will be unable to compete with merchant marines of other countries.

"Countries competing with the United States in ocean transportation have been gradually building up their merchant marine with these motor-ships designed to travel from fourteen to sixteen knots. These ships have become standard. General conditions in the United States preclude the possibility of private capital proceeding with new vessel construction unless some type of aid is provided by the Government. Ship owners of other countries, many of them with government aid, have been building ships since 1921. In this there is a sharp contrast with shipbuilding activity in the United States. From 1921 to 1926 British shipyards built 600 vessels aggregating 3,500,000 gross tons. Shipyards of the United States built fourteen ships aggregating 138,000 gross tons. In other words, Britain has built forty-two times as many ships and twenty-five times as much tonnage in those five years. Similarly, for every ship the United States turned out in that time, Germany built twelve, France five, Italy four, and Japan four, and the situation as it now stands is very little changed."

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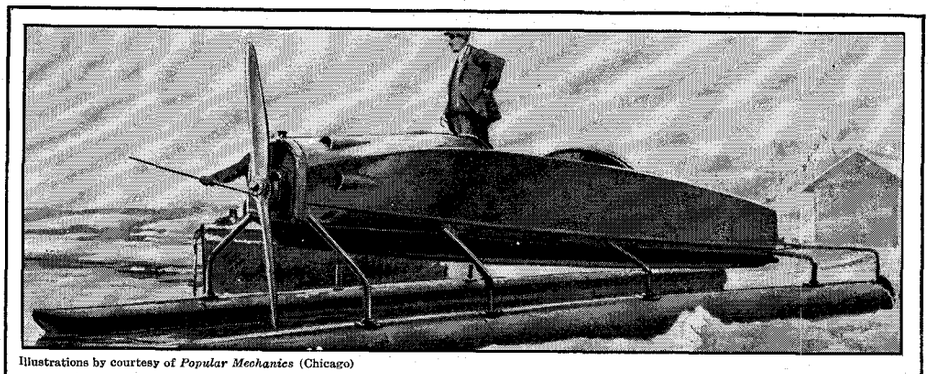
SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

FASTER MOTOR-BOATS

THE HUNDRED-MILE-AN-HOUR MOTOR-BOAT is already in sight, according to *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). This magazine asserts that altho Gar Wood's dream of a boat of this speed—big enough to cross the Atlantic—remains unfulfilled, eighty miles an hour has been attained, and the century mark is in sight. We read:

"America, in the years since the war, has become the home of the high-speed boat. When Major Segrave came to Daytona with his huge racing machine, to travel faster than man has ever traveled over the ground, Gar Wood and others took him out for trial spins in their high-powered boats, and sent him home a convert. He raced his big double-engined car just once when he got back to England, to let the home folks see it in action, and then announced his retirement from the track to devote all his time to high-speed boats.



Illustrations by courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

THE LATEST IN SPEED BOATS—A "PONTOON BOAT" TESTED ON THE GREAT LAKES

As the picture shows, it is built much like an airplane, with two large pontoons, airplane propeller, airplane engine, and a body much like an airplane fuselage.

"His first entry in water racing was a pair of little outboard motor-boats, flat-bottomed step hydroplanes of the type that has set up records of better than twenty-eight miles an hour. For the bigger races later in the season, he planned to pilot a craft capable of making forty miles an hour.

"Speed on the water, however, is not confined to races, or to professional pilots out for cups and prizes. Thousands of fast but comfortable boats, as easy to handle as an automobile, and with many of the automobile's luxuries, from leather seats and sedan tops down to electric cigar-lighters on the instrument board, are being turned out in factories on the Great Lakes, around Long Island Sound, and in the Far West.

"They range from fast little day runabouts—corresponding to the sport roadsters of the highways—up to the limousines of the seas, and even on into the camping-coach type, comfortable big cruisers with berths for four to six people, a well-equipped galley, and all the comforts of home.

"The joys of the open road, which disappeared when automobiles became so numerous that it was impossible to move out of any large city faster than a snail's pace on Sundays and holidays, still cling to the water, for there is plenty of space and plenty of changing scenery.

"Marine motorists, tho, demand the same, or nearly the same, speed they attained with automobiles on land, and it is that demand which has almost revolutionized boat-building in the last few years. For speed on the water can only be attained at the cost of economy of operation, so, before the war, practically all power boats, with the exception of a few out-and-out racing machines, were built to chug along at a modest eight to ten miles an hour. Roughly speaking, to jump from ten to fifteen miles an hour about doubles the operating cost of a boat, and to go from fifteen to twenty may double it again, and so on up the scale. A ten-mile cruiser can jog along and conserve gasoline as well as a modestly powered automobile, but the marine motorist who wants high speed pays for it in gasoline consumption.

"To get forty, or fifty miles an hour out of a twenty-six, twenty-eight or thirty-foot day cruiser, which is the usual seven-passenger car on the water, requires from 200 to 300 horsepower and a gasoline consumption of one-half to one gallon per mile.

"The war-time stock of unused aircraft engines left on manufacturers' hands was partly responsible for the development of so many high-speed boats within the space of a few years. One boat-maker alone purchased 2,500 Curtiss engines, tore them down and rebuilt them into marine motors for his boats. The rebuilding required considerable change, for a boat engine, subjected to frequent wetting, must be well protected to insure steady operation. Any one who has watched one of the fast-racing hydroplanes capsize on a turn, sink to the bottom, while the crew, buoyed by life-preservers, floats around waiting to be rescued, and then watched the sunken boat being fished up by a derrick to go back into the race next day, can appreciate the amount of punishment a well-built marine motor will stand. Rust-proof monel-metal jackets and complete coverage of the electrical apparatus are essential."

The search for speed is not confined to putting bigger motors

A PONTOON BOAT, WITH THE ENGINE ABOUT TO BE MOUNTED

This boat, slightly different, draws four inches of water at rest and slips over the surface at high speed; its builder says it can be used with equal ease on ice in winter.

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in standard types of boats. Designers have imitated the airplane by utilizing aerial propellers, by adopting seaplane fuselages and pontoons, and, in at least one case, by producing a hull that looks like an ordinary boat sawn in two down its center line and put together wrong, the cut surfaces boarded up at the outside. The result is a curious hull with a tunnel running down its center, and with straight sides that, out of the water, look like runners, so it is called a sea sled. Says the writer:

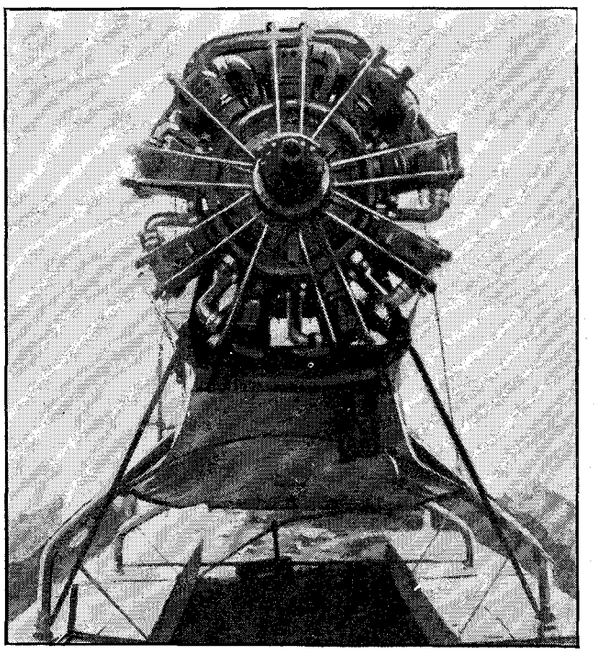
"Driven by a 200-horse-power motor, it will ride over the wave tops at forty miles an hour, and without any of the unsteadiness of the usual round or V-bottomed boat. Its unusual construction makes it safe even in the hands of a novice, as it is immune to tipping, and even in rough water skims over the waves instead of plowing through them.

"The Great Lakes have produced a new experimental type which looks exactly like an airplane, with somewhat enlarged landing pontoons. The body is high above the water on stiltlike braces, and carries the usual radial airplane engine and tractor propeller. At rest, the boat draws but four inches, and, at high speed, slips along the surface of the water, or, the builder claims, it can be used with equal ease in the winter on the ice.

"The airplane-propeller boat has found favor in some localities on inland lakes because it can not be fouled by water-lilies or other marine growth —the chief bugaboo of the water motorist. And because of its light draft it can be taken into shallow water where boats of more conventional design would be barred.

"The demand for reliable marine power plants has grown so much in recent years that several automobile manufacturers have turned out marine editions of their regular engines, to enable them to participate in the business. Also, there are several companies which produce the necessary parts to convert second-hand Ford engines into marine units.

"The surplus airplane-engine stock is far from exhausted, but conversions, outside of a well-equipped machine-shop or a factory concentrating on the business, is an expensive process."



RADIAL AVIATION ENGINE OF THE PONTOON BOAT

COMING: THE FISH-OIL MOTOR—The possibility of farming the sea for motor-fuel, after all the oil and gasoline are gone, is indicated by studies of the use of fish oils and other animal oils as motor fuels reported to the French Academy of Sciences, in Paris, by Messrs. Georges Lumet and Henri Marcelet. Says Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York):

"Using engines of Diesel or semi-Diesel type, which run ordinarily with one kind or another of petroleum oil, the French investigators were able to obtain quite successful operation using several kinds of oil from fish. In addition, they determined the heating value of definite volumes of these oils and discovered them to be not seriously inferior to mineral oils. Not even any bad smell is produced by the use of fish oil in the engine, a happening which might well be expected when one remembers the unpleasant odors of the oils themselves. The fishy smell of the oil is evidently destroyed during the combustion in the engine. Altho engines of these Diesel types are not now made in small enough sizes to be used in automobiles, this is a development confidently expected within a few years. When such small Diesel engines have become available, oil from the enormous numbers of fish which might be caught in the world's oceans may constitute a useful addition to mankind's supply of fuel."

TO MAKE MONEY: USE CHEMISTRY

"HOW CAN MONEY, in large amount, best be made to-day?" In answer to this question one of the outstanding figures in the generation of industrialists now passing is reported to have said: "In my time the way to do it was through control of natural resources. To-day, it can best be done through control of chemical processes." The essential soundness of his conclusion, says *The Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.), is amply demonstrated by many developments of the last few years. For example:

"Among the multitude of instances which might be cited, one need only refer to the Duco finishes, Bakelite, nitrogen fixation, artificial silk, the cracking processes for gasoline, calcium carbid and acetylene, synthetic methanol, and the $40,000,000 valuation placed by the stock market on a process for the manufacture of butyl alcohol.

"To bring such developments through to the point where their earning power is established, much money is required, and it must be money of the sort which Dr. John E. Teeple, Treasurer of the American Chemical Society, has recently defined as 'money that is educated, money that is accustomed to distinguish between a day dream and a real vision that can be logically supported, money that is content to build slowly and constructively, looking for its return five or ten years ahead.'

"It was the scarcity of educated money in this country in 1901 which caused the viscose patents for artificial silk to be sold at auction for $2,500, and which for many succeeding years diverted into English pockets the enormous profits of rayon manufacture in America. Even to-day it is extremely difficult for the sponsors of a new chemical process to find, in adequate amount, money with the vision to recognize its potentialities and the courage and tenacity to carry through the necessary stages of development.

"While every chemist will admit he needs a banker, the fact that every banker needs a chemist is not yet recognized in financial circles. Our industries are, however, trending so rapidly and definitely toward development on chemical lines that money which is 'educated' will find exceptional opportunities for profitable employment during the years immediately ahead."

COLD AS A POISON CURE—Difference of temperature may be the explanation of the varying resistance put up by men and animals to bacterial poisons and other foreign substances introduced into the blood. This is indicated by the studies of Prof. E. Friedberger, director of the Research Institute for Hygiene and Immunity in Berlin, Germany, as reported in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"Dr. Friedberger made parallel tests of the toxic effect known to scientists as 'protein anaphylaxis,' using in one series animals kept in unheated cages at from 38 to 42 degrees Fahrenheit, while in a second series the temperatures were those of an ordinarily comfortable living-room. He found that the animals kept in the cold held out against doses of the poison 150 times as great as the quantity needed to kill their companions that had lived in the warmth. No difference of any importance was observable in the body temperatures of the two sets of animals, but the outdoors set of course had to keep themselves warm by more rapid internal oxidation processes; and this may have made for more rapid elimination of the poison."

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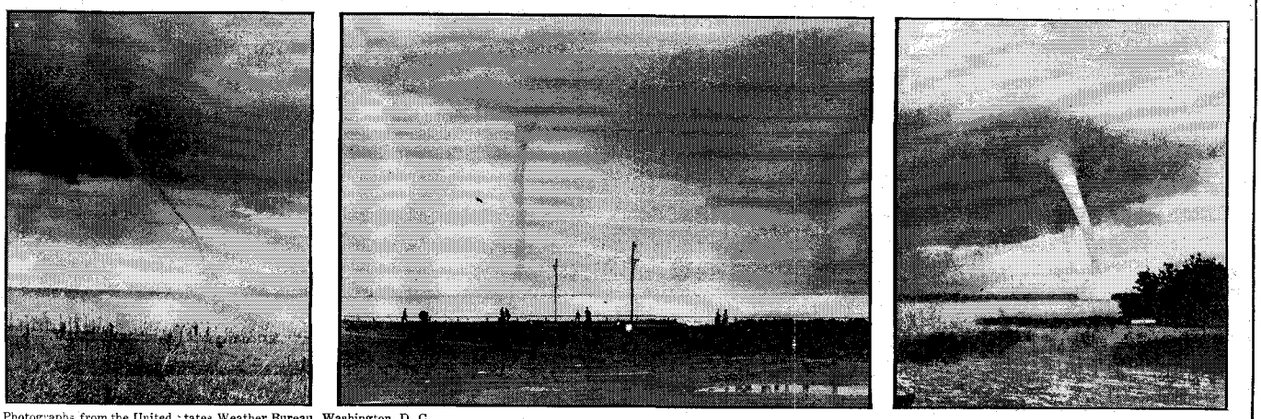

Photographs from the United States Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

TYPICAL WATERSPOUTS CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA

At the left a waterspout on Lake Erie, near Lorain, Ohio, photographed by Miss Margaret Corts, of Lorain. When the picture was taken the waterspout was about a quarter of a mile from the camera; it was moving rapidly and did not break up until just after reaching the shore. In the center a huge waterspout photographed at Cottage City, on Vineyard Sound, Massachusetts. At the right a waterspout on Jackfish Lake, a small body of water about fifteen miles long and seven wide in Saskatchewan, Canada. This spout traveled about fourteen miles over the lake, about a mile away from the camera. It caused a wave four feet high, and was preceded by two terrific thunderbolts. The weather was very hot and sultry.

CHEMICALLY RIPENED FRUIT

TO DYE GREEN FRUIT is illegal, but it may be "chemically ripened," it would appear, by the use of certain gases, as reported editorially in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). We read:

"The rapid ripening of fruits by gases of incomplete combustion has been known for ages; long ago the Chinese used incense fumes to ripen pears. To-day, the problem of ripening the fruit after it has been removed from the plant in a yet immature state is of greater commercial importance than ever in the history of the world. Oranges, tomatoes, pineapples, green beans, peas and celery can now be obtained on the market practically the year round. To avoid decay, it is the practise to pick the fruits and vegetables while still green. Even then, it is not uncommon for half a carload of tomatoes to be spoiled by heat treatment. Furthermore, the fruits and vegetables suffer loss in sweetness, juiciness and flavor. Of particular moment from the marketing standpoint is the appearance of the product. One needs only to consult the Notices of Judgment of the Food and Drugs Act to be reminded how often the offense has been committed of artificially dyeing oranges. Now, it seems, this method of deception is to go into the discard. Ethylene, with its unusual history, is the reason.

"The shipping of carnations by express had an unfavorable influence, the flowers 'going to sleep' and buds not opening; the cause was found to be the escape of the illuminant Pintsch gas, which consists largely of ethylene. Some years later these observations were the means of suggesting to Luckhardt the use of ethylene as an anesthetic. About four years ago Chase and Denny, working in the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry, reported that the color of oranges and lemons could be made 'natural' by exposing the immature fruits to ethylene. The coloring of oranges by this 'legal' method has since become a current practise. Three years ago, R. B. Harvey of the University of Minnesota Experiment Station found that larger applications of ethylene, or of propylene or acetylene, speeded up ripening in fruits and vegetables. In *The Chemical Bulletin* recently, Harvey states that in the treatment of celery with ethylene the sugar content increased from 20 to 30 per cent. Similar changes occur in bananas, tomatoes, and other fruits ripened with ethylene."

Ethylene may also be used to remove the excess acidity of fruits or vegetables, to remove the green coloring matter from celery or similar plants, to increase the sugar content, or to remove tannins and other objectionable substances. Further:

"Tomatoes ripened after removal from the vine in winter are liable to be excessively acid, but if treated with ethylene they are reported to have a fine flavor, free from excess acidity. Very immature tomatoes down to an inch in diameter may be ripened in from six to eight days; more mature fruits require only from twenty-four to sixty hours, depending on the variety and degree of maturity. According to Harvey, a single dose of ethylene, about two or three cubic feet, costing less than forty cents to the carload of fruit, is sufficient to produce a remarkable change in the time necessary to ripen bananas and to change their color, flavor and texture.

"The mechanism of the reaction does not seem to be well worked out. The ethylene is reported 'to cause a sudden jump in the respiratory rate after its application.' The concentration of the fruit acids and tannins becomes less.

"While all this is of vast commercial importance, the health phases have not yet been thoroughly considered. Certain fruits and vegetables are recommended by physicians largely because of their vitamin content; whether or not this is altered by ethylene has not been determined. Possibly, also, the fruits and vegetables may be picked earlier than is the practise to-day, thus shortening the period of irradiation by the sun. Physicians may well watch the development of this form of food enterprise; perhaps the time may come when certain every-day foodstuffs will be purchased on the basis of vitamin units. In the meanwhile the use of vitamin-containing products in as near a 'naturally ripened' condition as possible should be encouraged."

FALSE WATERSPOUTS—A true waterspout—in other words, a tornado over a body of water—is a vortex in the atmosphere that in all cases forms at the cloud-level and works downward, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature, "Why the Weather?" (Washington). As soon as the vortex reaches the water, the latter becomes violently agitated, sending up a rotating mound of spray, often before the spout as a whole becomes visible through the condensation of moisture from the air where a partial vacuum is formed by the centrifugal action of the vortex. He proceeds:

"Occasionally small whirlwinds start from the surface of lakes and other bodies of water in calm weather. Tho observers are likely to describe them as 'waterspouts' they are of quite a different nature from the phenomenon above described. They may build up a column of spray and vapor to a considerable height, but rarely extend to the clouds, and are sometimes seen when the sky is cloudless. These formations are similar in their mechanism to the little dust whirls that form over dry roads and the larger columns of dust and sand formed in deserts. On land such whirls are due to the overheating of the ground and the formation of a layer of stagnant warm air at the surface, which suddenly breaks through a colder layer above it. A water surface does not heat up to any such degree as does a land surface, but it may remain warm while the air a few feet above it is rapidly cooled, giving the same unstable condition—warm. light air next to the water, and cold, heavy air at a higher level. In the moist air lying over water these surface whirls may form cloud columns by the condensation of water vapor, while similar whirls on land are made visible merely by the dust, dry leaves, etc., they carry."

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ETHER-WAVE MUSIC

THE OUTLANDISH SQUEALS of the cheap radio set have now been tamed and made musical. So at least we are assured by Waldemar Kaempffert, who tells in a special dispatch from Berlin to the New York *Times* of a demonstration made in that city by a young Russian professor, Leo Theremin of the Physicotechnical Institute at Leningrad, before several hundred musicians, composers, scientists and music lovers. His instrument, which was described in our issue of October 1, produces what he calls "ether-wave music" and he asserts that it opens up an entirely new field in composition. Narrates Mr. Kaempffert:

"Upon a table stood a box three and a half feet wide, two feet deep, and three feet high. A short brass rod projected up from the top at the right side and a brass ring about eight inches in diameter from the left side.

"The young Russian professor did not touch the instrument. Assuming a slightly affected posture, he merely gestured in space. Out of a loud-speaker of the familiar radio type came the familiar strains of the Scriabine Etude, played apparently by a violin of extraordinary beauty and fulness of tone. As Professor Theremin raised or lowered his left hand over the ring he swelled the tone or reduced it to a barely audible pianissimo. As he shook his right hand he obtained the vibrato of the violin.

"Professor Theremin's instrument may be regarded as a modified radio transmitter. A radio engineer would say it consisted of two transmitters, a rectifier and an amplifier. Yet it is much more than an ordinary transmitter.

"'With this instrument,' Professor Theremin told the New York *Times* representative, 'I have made it possible to produce tones of constancy of pitch not even remotely approached by the best piano or organ.'

"Every broadcasting enthusiast has heard high musical notes or whistles as he turned his set to some station. This is a familiar heterodyne effect of which the builders of sets at home speak so learnedly.

"The effect is easily explained. We do not hear radio waves because they inundate us at the rate of millions in a second. The human ear can respond to vibrations of only thousands and hundreds a second. In fact, 20,000 vibrations a second is about the upper limit of audibility.

"If in a radio set we 'heterodyne'—in other words superimpose—two trains of electrical waves of slightly different frequencies, we will hear them whenever they are in step, or 'phase,' as an engineer would say.

"Thus one train may be composed of waves produced with a frequency of 1,000,000 and another of waves produced with a frequency of 990,000 a second. When these two waves are superimposed they will be in step ten thousand times a second. What is called a 'beat' note is heard."

Thus, we are told, Professor Theremin creates music by juggling electrical waves. But how does he vary the pitch and the volume of his electrically produced tones? Mr. Kaempffert goes on:

"A phenomenon every amateur has observed in poor radio sets is the extraordinary effect of the body. Bring a hand near the tuning knob and squeals and whistles are heard that sigh up and down the scale.

"The human body has what is called electrostatic capacity, and so has every part of a set. By moving the hand to or from the set the capacity of the circuit is changed so that the set is no longer in tune.

"Hence when Professor Theremin brings his right hand toward his short vertical antenna, he produces a higher note. Similarly, when he raises or lowers his left hand over the ring antenna, he varies volume.

"Thus it seemed to his mystified audience that he created music out of nothing but motions in the air. He had but to twiddle his little finger to vary the pitch and amplitude.

"By combining electric waves in different ways, Professor Theremin can generate tones to order. String, wind, and brass instruments are mimicked with absolute fidelity. But Professor Theremin has aspirations that extend far beyond mere imitation. This young Russian physicist produces effects unobtainable hitherto.

"'My apparatus,' he said, 'frees the composer from the despotism of the twelve-note tempered piano scale, to which even violinists must adapt themselves. The composer can now construct a scale of the intervals desired. He can have intervals of thirteenths, if he wants them. In fact any gradation detectable by the human ear can be produced. To this must be added an entirely new range of tonal colors. Hitherto the composer has had only about twenty tone colors, represented by as many different types of orchestral instruments. I give him literally thousands of tone colors.

"'In order to demonstrate the possibilities of ether-wave music, I am now building twelve instruments. Good musicians will learn how to play them in a fortnight. With an orchestra thus constituted with nothing but gestures these men will give us concerts that will reveal new beauties in tones and their combinations. Apart from these possibilities, ether wave music is created with a simplicity and a directness matched only by singing. There is no keyboard to obtrude itself, no catgut, no bow, no pedal, nothing but simple expressive gestures of the hands.'"

P. & A. photograph

A PRESSURE OF 200 POUNDS A SQUARE FOOT

Is sometimes reached by the explosive force in the center of a tornado and makes buildings blow up like this house in St. Louis.

THE EXPLOSIVE TORNADO—In the recent tornado in St. Louis great damage to buildings appears to have been done by the explosive effects of the confined air. Walls were thrust outward and buildings collapsed because the pressure of the air inside was greater than that outside at the moment the storm passed. Says Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature, "Why the Weather?" (Washington):

"This effect, commonly observed in tornadoes, is often described in rather loose and inaccurate language. The air inside the vortex of these revolving storms is rarefied by centrifugal action, but nothing approaching a vacuum is produced. In an extreme case, with a wind of 400 to 500 miles an hour, the pressure inside a building in the center of the storm would, as may be calculated, be reduced by hardly one-tenth of its normal value. This difference would account for an outward thrust on the walls amounting, in round numbers, to 200 pounds per square foot. If this pressure were applied gradually it might be withstood, but it comes as a sudden push. Often its only effect is to break windows. If doors and windows are open, the indoor air escapes through them and the walls are not subjected to much outward pressure, tho, of course, they may be wrecked by the fury of the winds."

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LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

REVIVING A BUGABOO OF ART

"BACK TO BOUGUEREAU!" has not yet become a war-cry in art circles, but the wind seems to be setting in that quarter. We have warning of such a calamity—if calamity it be—from a writer in the Chicago *Evening Post Magazine of the Art World*—Mr. C. J. Bulliet. Bouguereau has been about the best despised of all painters by the artists of the present and past generation; but fashions rule in art as elsewhere, and the decorators are now offering at fancy prices Victorian furniture that was within recent memory figuring in "bad taste" exhibitions. These were gatherings where loud jeers were lifted up over the taste of our grandfathers. And now it's Bouguereau's turn—the bugaboo of all who have felt the least infection of the impressionist virus. Mr. Bulliet writes:

"Ten years ago, or five, such a prophet would have been in danger of being torn to pieces by the furies commissioned to guard and defend art progress, but to-day, even the most zealous friends of 'Modernism' must feel—with a qualm at the heart—that there is a decided drift toward the smooth-surfaced nudes of the painter who dominated the French salon in the days when the Impressionists were fighting for independence.

"The newest Italian art, despite a suggestion of 'Futuristic' influence, is, in its present-day 'Naturalism,' not far removed from the ideals of Bouguereau and Cabanel, and even things coming out of Paris from the brushes of youngsters revolting from Picasso and the 'Cubists,' show tendencies in that direction.

"The pendulum, violently swung by the art rebels, looks as if it might swing completely back from 'Cubism' to Bouguereau before coming to a rest somewhere in the vicinity of Cezanne, or Manet, or Renoir."

Courtesy of the New York Public Library

BOUGUEREAU'S "THE SECRET"

Even the zealous friends of modernism are admitting that there is a trend toward the smooth surfaces shown in the work of this enemy of Impressionism.

Chicagoans are bidden go to their art institute and gaze upon a huge canvas there called "The Bathers." New Yorkers may find the Frenchman in the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe collection at the Metropolitan. In Mr. Bulliet's view his importance seems to be historical: "For Bouguereau, during the entire art life of Cezanne, kept that incomparably greater master out of the Paris salon—with passionate anger." It is odd how the men so persecuted sought his society so vigorously:

"Cezanne plaintively sought, year after year, entrance to the 'Salon of Bouguereau.' Bouguereau's the salon was, by that jealous stubbornness so often exerted by mediocrities who have accidentally gained control in the arts. We have had the situation in Chicago, as well as in Paris.

"Bouguereau, like all little artists—like all little personalities—was afraid of competition. He feared Cezanne as much as he detested him—a sort of subconscious fear of the strength of a man he could not understand.

"He knew that if Cezanne and what Cezanne stood for ever got a foothold in the salon, artists like Bouguereau and Cabanel and their fellows would be done.

"That very event has come to pass all over Europe—it is rapidly transpiring in America.

"Bouguereau was a mighty man in his day—and his day isn't so far removed but that it can readily be recollected by persons living, and not so old. 'The Bathers' is of date 1884, and the painter died in 1905, only a year before Cezanne, and before he had begun to lose materially his prestige in the English-speaking world, tho in France he must have seen the handwriting on the wall, in the time of Impressionism.

"But now, this once czar of the salon is so dead that there is scarcely one so poor to do him reverence. The newer histories of art do not so much as mention his name, even as 'among those present.'

"Thus is he ignored in Elie Faure's monumental 'History of Art,' in four volumes; in that stunning 'Short History of Art,' written in the French by André Blum, and translated into English by R. R. Tatlock, and in that excellent handbook, 'Art Through the Ages,' by Helen Gardner of the Art Institute of Chicago.

"Bouguereau was pretty bad, but he is scarcely so bad as all that. As a painter, he deserves perhaps to be ignored, but his

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historical importance should not be forgotten. The very fact that he fought Cezanne so long and bitterly and successfully should keep green his memory—nor should it be forgotten that he was one of the teachers of Henri Matisse!

"In the older histories of art, Bouguereau cuts a figure. Thus in the enormously successful handbook, 'Apollo,' which idiotically ignores El Greco, 'Bouguereau's European reputation,' it is alleged, 'has been won mainly by religious pictures, of a smooth and sentimental kind, akin to the works of Carlo Dolci, tho much superior to these in mastery of composition and drawing.'

"Bouguereau's American reputation, however, was chiefly of another stripe—based on the non-religious, but still 'smooth and sentimental' nudes, of which 'The Bathers' is a typical example.

"Bouguereau, Gérôme and Cabanel, according to Charles H. Caffin, 'became painters-in-ordinary to rich Americans and enjoyed every honor that French officialdom bestows on its successful, as opposed to its great, painters.' Caffin strikes the nail on the head when he speaks of 'the faultless outlines and the nullity of mass of a Bouguereau.'

"Louis Hourticq, in his monograph on French art, speaking of the decay of Ingres in the painting of his disciples, declares, 'Bouguereau has carried the refined elegance of this manner to a point when even the most learned melodies take the form of ritournelles.'

"These all are rather harsh judgments of a very successful painter beginning to lose his prestige. He found a valiant defender in Mary Knight Potter, an 'Aunt Mathilda' of her day, whose 'Love in Art' was published in Boston in 1898.

"'Bouguereau is the artist of lovely line,' she alleges, in true 'Aunt Mathilda' fashion, 'perfect drawing, charming composition, whose mass and balance are unexceptionally fine. But his detractors say that he paints with a brush dipt in colors too pretty for living, pulsating flesh. This is one reason why photographs of Bouguereau's work are more satisfactory than the paintings themselves.

"'In the Luxembourg hangs his version of the "Birth of Venus." The goddess stands on a huge shell, dressing her hair, while in the water about are tritons and sea-nymphs watching her, and caressing one another. The shell barge is drawn by a large dolphin, astride of whose back is one roguish cupid, while another, half on him and half in the water, mischievously pulls one of his fins. Above in the air are more little loves, their figures perfect, full of life and rhythm. Venus herself is undoubtedly beautiful, the lines of her figure and the curves of her pose being almost faultless. Indeed, one feels the whole canvas to be "faultily faultless"—as if it would be more a work of genius if genius were less apparent in every inch of its lovely, perfectly designed and covered surface.'"

Those concerned with the psychology of painters will read the following with amazed interest:

"This strangely successful mediocrity played an important part in the lives of Cezanne, Matisse and the Douanier Rousseau—three men of first-rate genius, who were beholden to him as artists always are to the reigning art masters, not only of Paris, but of New York and Chicago.

"Rousseau, whose mentality was of the lowest consistent with maturity, but whose strange genius is one of the miracles of art history, regarded Bouguereau as the greatest artist that ever lived. He sought eagerly to copy his style, which, fortunately, he was unable to do. Rousseau, like Cezanne, pathetically sought academic recognition—a tragedy in the life of any painter.

"Cezanne, too, admired Bouguereau, but in a different way. Cezanne was a slow painter, working intensely and with a mental anguish that sometimes amounted to physical agony—morbidly conscientious, seeking always and vainly to 'realize' to his satisfaction. He was fascinated by the adroit skill and apparent ease with which Bouguereau painted what he set out to paint. The canvases themselves do not appeal to him as they did to Rousseau.

"'His friends bantered him a great deal about his obstinate determination to get into the official salons,' Cezanne's biographer, Vollard, observes; 'but we must not forget his conviction that, if ever he could slip into the salon of Bourguereau with a "well-realized" canvas, the scales would fall from the eyes of the public, and they would desert Bouguereau to follow the great artist that he felt himself capable of becoming.'

"Matisse had a strange array of teachers for a painter who was to become later the leader of the 'Fauves.' Bouguereau was one, Gérôme was another, and a third was Gabriel Ferrier—all of whom detested the rebel manifestations in Paris like poison. Matisse was turned out of the academy a prize pupil. He copied 'Old Masters' in the Louvre for ten years for the French Government, filling orders from museums wanting exact replicas, and then 'woke up.'"

THINGS "AMERICAIN" IN FRANCE

TO EMERSON AMERICA was another name for opportunity; but to the Frenchman "*Américain* may signify probity or deceit, bombast or ability. It may imply a friendly compliment or be legitimate cause for a libel suit." So writes John Montague in *The Stars and Stripes*, published in Paris as "the official newspaper of the second A. E. F." The article might have puzzled or served, as the case may have been, members of that large returning army, who during their earlier sojourn on French soil had no time for philological research. We are not to imagine that the terms for things supposed to be American are souvenirs of that war-time sojourn. Rather are they the result of the recurrent tourist invasion, and their variety and contradictoriness are such that, as Mr. Montague asserts, "in the one case you give cordial thanks to the man who uses the term 'Américain' concerning you; in another, you direct a smacking knock-out blow toward his nose. It all depends on the nuance." Here are some examples:

"Coup de poing Americain: A blow with the closed fist in which knucklers (or a piece of iron) have been concealed. Supposed to have originated with the bandit gangs of New York.

"Homard a l'Americaine: The American method of preparing lobster. Here, indeed, is one good thing that came out of America—if it did! At least, all the restaurant menus of Paris say so.

"Elever a l'Americaine: To rear young women in the American fashion; to give them ample liberty, have confidence in their capacities to protect themselves; allow them to attend the theater, take walks, etc., with a male companion, minus the vexatious supervision of a chaperon.

"Œillade Americaine: Making amorous eyes at the fair sex in vulgar fashion. Why this custom, certainly limited to no nationality, should be described as American, nobody knows. But, so it is—in France. The expression has been in the dictionary for half a century.

"What a curious collection of contrasts! *Américain* is used to define as dissimilar things as a confidence game and a manner of fixing your teeth. (*Américain artistic dentaire:* from the Paris telephone book!). It may denote a system of business organization or a manner of getting married.

"Rase a l'Americaine: Shaved in the American fashion; minus mustache.

"Oncle d'Amerique: Literally, an uncle from America; in the theater: a very rich uncle who arrives at the critical moment of the drama to pay the debts of his nephew and send everybody home happy. In life: an uncle, forgotten for years, who dies and unexpectedly leaves a big fortune to his heirs.

"Grog Americain: A cold-weather drink, effective for killing colds, consisting of rum, lemon juice, sugar, and hot water. It is often served at a Bar Americain, of which there are thousands in Paris. They consist frequently of mere 'holes in the wall,' where a bartender is busy serving drinks to thirsty Americans and others, who sit on high stools or lean against the bar.

"Glacage Americain: A manner of starching shirts, cuffs, and collars which supposedly originated in America. Also Dry-cleaning Americain: a barbarism, which makes the French purists foam with fury, requiring no definition.

"Diverse Americans provoke contradictory epithets. Intrepid Charles Lindbergh and his epoch-making flight typify *audace américaine*, but Phineas T. Barnum, that master of self-glorification, evokes visions of *bluff à l'américaine*, which is supposed to be our great national trait. Irving Berlin is representative of *jazz américain*, while Henry Ford is the symbol of *industrie américaine*—'Taylorization,' large-scale production, high wages, and superlative emphasis upon machinery. Cardinal Gibbons is hailed as the apostle of *américanisme* (absolute separation of Church and State), while *Hawkeye*, James Fenimore Cooper's character with the penetrating eyes, inspired *œil américain*. For nothing, say the French, escapes from the keen, piercing glance of the 'American eye.' And so the dissimilarities continue:

"Un Shake-hand Americain: A cordial, energetic manner of

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shaking hands. Used by Abel Hermant in 'Les Transatlantiques' in which he satirizes an American family traveling abroad.

"GOUT AMERICAIN: American taste as applied to champagne. Practically equivalent to 'extra dry.'

"GENRE AMERICAIN: In the American manner, particularly as regards business methods. Progressive; efficient; daring; wide-awake; practical; industrious. Example: the boy who works his way through college; the man who literally is architect of his own fortune.

"MARIAGE A L'AMERICAINE: A marriage in which the bride brings no dot with her. Many a Romeo goes elsewhere to wed when his prospective father-in-law tells him: 'You can have her hand and heart, and I give you both my benediction. But, remember! it will be *a mariage à l'américaine*.' But Romeo, being practical and cynical and French, remarks: 'No, thank you! I will seek another Juliet.' In certain provinces, this phrase also signifies a speedy marriage, accomplished with the minimum of formalities; an elopement.

"Used alone, *américain* may evoke contradictory concepts. It may denote a Canadian or a Peruvian, altho in 90 per cent. of the instances it refers to citizens of the United States. A popular one-act play, quite seriously, places the Ohio River in Ecuador! In the Midi of France, *américain* is used to describe a Frenchman who lived in the United States but returned to his native heath, usually with a fortune. *Américaine* is also the name given to a phaeton, a type of four-wheeled carriage, used in France from 1840 to 1860. On the Avenue de l'Opéra, there is a big electric sign which reads: 'Americans! visit Spain! This is a duty you owe to yourself and to your race.' Inevitably, this does not refer to citizens of the United States. Maybe the advertiser wanted to save money since the prefix *Hispano*—would have meant more electric lights and more current!"

The most derogatory use of the adjective is said to be when it is coupled with the word *vol* (stealth). "*Vol à l'àméricaine* is a confidence game; stealth accomplished by deceit; a swindling operation in which advantage is taken of the confidence reposed by the victim in the thief." The inventors and users of the term evidently believe that the first *vol à l'américaine* was perpetrated in America, tho Mr. Montague finds Jacob's theft of Esau's birthright a sufficiently good case in point. He turns to Larousse, the author of the French Dictionary:

"*Vol à l'américaine* is susceptible of numerous modifications, but the primary object is always to prevail upon the victim to exchange his pocketbook for another, apparently containing more cash than his own. The principal thief, who often assumes the characteristics of an American (hence, the name of the operation), is aided by an accomplice known, in slang, as the 'gardener.' He tells his chosen victim that he has just arrived in Paris, that he is unacquainted with the city, and would like to have the victim serve as guide, also act as guardian for his valuables. In fact, he gives his pocketbook filled with money—counterfeit notes or blank paper, it should be noted—to his victim, but asks the latter, as a mark of good faith to yield his pocketbook which, of course, contains real money. After the exchange has been made, the swindler disappears. Too much sympathy, however, should not be given to the victim, for he often enters into the operation with a secret desire to benefit thereby."

Since Larousse prepared this definition some decades ago, we are told, this swindling trick has had numerous variants.

"Hardly a week passes but what the American newspapers in Paris announce that some compatriot has been victimized. A favorite device is the following: the swindler narrates that he has fallen heir to a colossal fortune. In fact, he is now on his way to Rome to contribute part of his wealth to papal charities. But, being a philanthropist has its difficulties! How can you be sure that the recipients of your charity are genuinely deserving? Does Mr. Prospective Victim know of any charities which he can sincerely recommend? Certainly, he does. He is only too anxious to aid his new-found friend in distributing his new-found wealth. At this time, the principal thief asks, 'How do I know that you are trustworthy? How can I be sure of your honesty?' The accomplice, who has been present all the while, immediately proves his honesty by saying, 'Here's my pocketbook. It contains ten thousand francs. What will you give in exchange?' He is given another bill-fold which actually contains real money. The victim, not to be outdone, remarks, 'I don't have any great sum, but here's $500.' So, he accepts another pocketbook, apparently well-filled. The three 'friends' separate. They decide to meet for dinner. But, they never meet. The victim keeps his engagement and while waiting for the others, he examines his new pocketbook. He opens it. Horrors! it is filled with blank paper or Confederate notes or something equally valueless.

"And this, says the official French dictionary, is *vol à l'américaine*. Consequently, if somebody happens to call you *un voleur à l'américaine*, your first duty is to punch him in the nose.

"In conclusion, it may be asked: to what extent is the adjective *américain* justified in the foregoing expressions? Somebody has said, nations can be judged by the epithets which they provoke. If this be so, then France's judgment of America is a crazy-quilt of contrasts, some of them deserved, some of them not, but each typifying a fraction of the heterogeneous, chaotic mass of human beings who compose our country."

JAPAN AWAKES TO COMEDY

COMEDY WAS NOT APPROVED in Japanese theatrical taste before the advent of the American film. In considering this there might creep in the question whether the Japanese were laughing at us or with us. The puzzle is not altogether solved by the name of the author writing in the New York *World*—Mock Joya. It might be Japanese or a thinly veiled pseudonym for a Westerner. However, let us read:

"It has been their national characteristic to love tragedies, and the majority of the Japanese people do not think a film or a drama good unless it makes them cry. Tears and sniveling are considered the sign of the success of any drama at Japanese theaters. Japan has always had her comedies, but such were mostly vulgar and were not regarded as good dramas. In the Japanese literature there appeared no worthy comedy. In tragedies the literature is very rich, and masterpieces of all Japanese playwrights had been tragedies. It was the American film comedies that gave them their first good laugh. Of all foreign film productions the people always prefer comedies, and the American comedies are the best.

"The increasing popularity of the American film comedies has brought about a strange situation in the motion-picture market here. Some years ago when the motion-picture-production industry of Japan was still in its primitive and crude state the people flocked to view foreign productions of all kinds, because at that time the good pictures shown were invariably foreign productions and the Japanese pictures were technically and dramatically poor. But that period has passed, and the film-production industry of the country recently has made a very rapid progress. Actors became used to the film work, directors learned the technique of directing film actions and cameramen became skilful and resourceful. Equipments of studios became most up-to-date with the importation of the new devices and systems.

"The people like serious and problem dramas, and especially the Japanese production is almost entirely of this kind, or tragical nature.

"In other words, the Japanese people are seeing mostly the Japanese tragedies and American comedies. Comedies may be easier to understand for the Japanese than other kinds of foreign production, but it is also a fact that Japan has no good comedy actor and no good comedy playwright or scenario writer. But it is in large cities and towns alone where foreign pictures are exhibited, and in rural districts the people see only Japanese pictures.

"This is not because of their inability to read English or other language titles. Japan has the unique system of having motion-pictures explained as they are shown to the public."

THE COVER—Venice is a field of never-ending delight to the painter; perhaps no city in the world has lured so many. Its picturesqueness has a certain sameness, whoever the interpreter may be; but there is always a chance for individual treatment. The little by-canals furnish endless vistas and Mr. Eddy has taken advantage of one of these overhung by a garden. The artist was born in Rahway, New Jersey, in 1878, and studied with such Americans as Volk, Cox, and Twachtman. He is a member of the Salmagundi and the Beach Combers Club of Provincetown, and of the Guild of American Painters. The Milwaukee Art Institute is among the galleries holding his work, whose subjects are taken from both this country and Europe.

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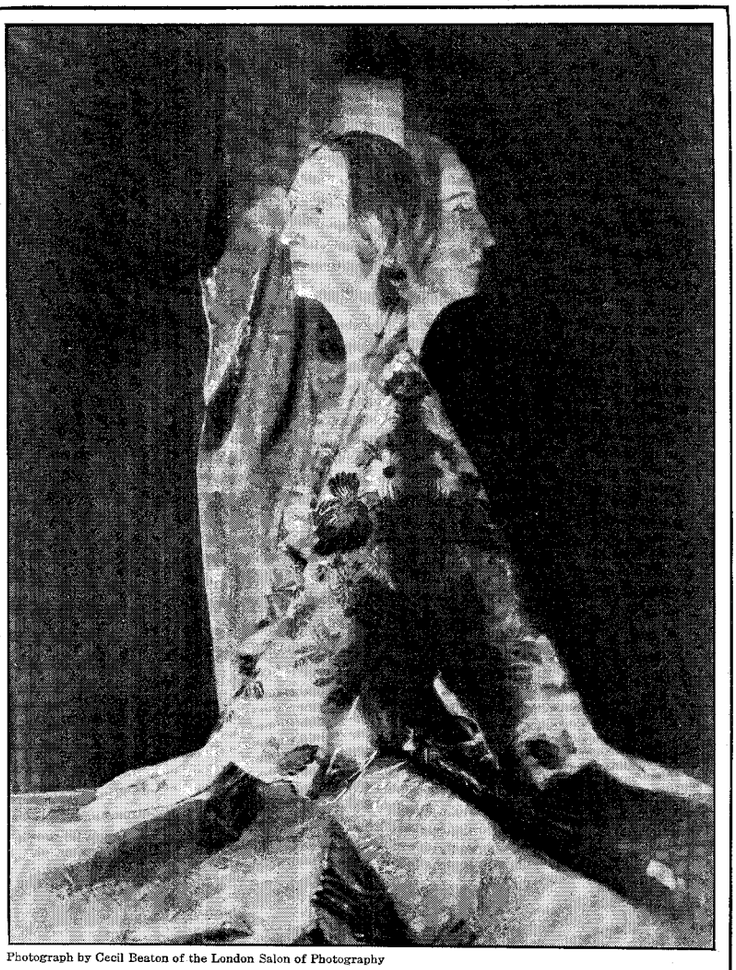
Springfield, Missouri

HOW FAME LOOKS TO A POETESS

"WORSE THAN DEATH" is the fate of the famous artist. Fame is his fate in the eyes of one of England's "famous" poets. It seems safe to call Miss Edith Sitwell "famous," for people read a great deal about her, if they do not read much of her poetry. She forms one of the famous trio; she and her two brothers having apparently embarked on a crusade to startle the bourgeoisie. It is not by shocking these staid members of society, but by ranging themselves against every popular fancy, and finding some obscure or neglected thing to admire—like baroque art. Miss Sitwell is described by *The Sketch* (London) as "an author who dislikes simplicity, morris-dancing, a sense of humor, and every kind of sport except reviewer-baiting." She has proclaimed all these characteristics in "Who's Who" (London). Her despair about fame springs from what "a famous poet" and "a famous painter" once told her—that it was "worse than death." America has already entertained one of the Sitwell's—Osbert—and the report goes that all three will visit us within the year. Meantime, in *The Daily Mail* we derive a foretaste of the quality of the woman whose poems have occasionally appeared on another of our pages. We read:



Photograph by Cecil Beaton of the London Salon of Photography

A POET WHO DISLIKES "SIMPLICITY"

Miss Edith Sitwell, one of a famous trio in literary London, suggests something like the feminine counterpart of Janus or Mr. Facing Both Ways.

"It is quite safe to be a famous divorcée, criminal, cannibal, silly playwright, or financier. Then (as my brother, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, has pointed out) you are treated as if you were a cross between Shakespeare and the Duke of Wellington. But the famous artist has to undergo all the inconveniences suffered by:

"(a) The Tower of London,

"(b) An Aunt Sally, and

"(c) An Information Bureau.

"His days are supposed to be at the service of the general public, his nights are made hideous by hostesses. I could tell you of some sad cases. Here is a transcript of a letter actually received by one of these unfortunates:

"'Dear Mr. ——: I met you once, seven years ago, and have always remembered the meeting, as I told you it was the wettest summer I had ever known; and you agreed. I am writing now to tell you that my daughter is so anxious to be an actress (she is a very original girl). Can you tell me anything about Madame Otero, and do you advise me to place the child with her for training?'

"Here, again, is the case of an unhappy artist who, during his working hours, was rung up on the telephone every ten minutes by an acquaintance, who wished to take up the character of a chef once employed by a relative of the artist. The latter bore this martyrdom for some time, together with the lady's heart-searchings as to whether the chef did or did not drink. Then temper intervened, and he wrote this letter:

"'Dear Mrs. ——: You are right in thinking one can not be too careful—witness the enclosed newspaper cuttings.' (One cutting stated: Owl dies from careless sleep on railway line. When the 4:25 express from Bletchley reached Paddington this afternoon, it was seen that a dead owl was attached to the buffers. It is evident that the owl had lain down to sleep on the railway line, somewhere between Bletchley and London, and in this way met his end.)

"The other cutting was even more puzzling:

"'Wombat, by persisting in burrowing, prevents town of Wimberang, in Australia, from getting one single drop of water for six months. The wombat is a small black bear.'

"The artist added:

"'Do you suppose an ordinary bat, the kind people get in their belfries, would do a thing like that?'

"The lady replied, 'I can see no point in your letter!'"

Miss Sitwell next takes up "the sad case of Mr. A., the famous poet who will soon die from overwork and despair":

"In what way does Mr. A. suffer? He suffers from complete strangers who write and ask him silly questions, and demand that they should be answered by return of post. He suffers from persons who send him indescribably idiotic manuscript 'poems' with a peremptory demand that these should be criticized immediately, and placed, that very day, with an editor.

"He suffers from an incessant plague of bores, and each individual of this plague howls to see him separately, and each expects to have his or her letter answered by the poet's hand and not by the hand of the poet's secretary (a piece of subtle impertinence of which the bore is quite unaware).

"Then there are the press photographers, who are invariably charming people, so that Mr. A. never has the heart to resist them, and who, consequently, photograph Mr. A. with his cheeks blown out like a balloon and with his nose turned completely round one ear and tied in a bow at the back of his neck. These photographs are then reproduced in every paper in the Empire, and those millions of persons who suffer from inferiority complex and hate Mr. A. because he has been heard of, raise a shrill yell and accuse Mr. A. of self-advertisement. Professional humorists become peculiarly violent on the subject.

"When Mr. A. produces a book—his way of earning his living—he is supposed to be self-advertising. When chit-chat columns are rude to him—he is self-advertising. If he is seen in public he is self-advertising; and the fact that his poems are not boiled-down rags of Wordsworth's weaker work, served with water, but are, instead, something new, only makes him the more self-advertising."

Miss Sitwell's final stroke of irony should not be missed:

"Do not let us be angry with this self-advertisement. As we know, poets are of a naturally low order of intelligence and behavior. . . . That was pointed out apropos Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats."

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

CHINA SHOWING THE WAY TO CHURCH UNITY

SHANGHAI SHOWS THE WAY to Lausanne and Stockholm in effecting church unity by a stroke of the pen. While Lausanne and Stockholm discust the matter and practically came out of the same gate wherein they went, speaking prayerfully of a hope to be fulfilled, Shanghai wiped out sixteen denominations and organized the Church of Christ in China. The placid followers of Christ in the land where Lao-tse taught the Golden Rule while the Jews were still laboring under Egyptian whips find no place for Western schisms. And it might be said here that the missionaries of the Modernist persuasion have themselves for twenty years sought to break down the denominational barriers in China and to aid the Chinese in founding a united church. News of the achievement comes in a copyrighted dispatch by Henry F. Misselwitz to the New York *Times*. Mr. Misselwitz tells us that a conference of ninety-four Chinese delegates, representing sixteen denominations, voted to dissolve the old status and to organize the Church of Christ in China. Their decision, says the correspondent, writes finis to the work of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and some of the lesser denominational institutions in the areas affected, all losing their identity in the new non-denominational organization. Methodists and Baptists attending the conference as observers are reported not ready to merge into the new association. The conference involves more than 1,000 churches in sixteen provinces, representing about one-third of the Chinese Protestants, and, continues Mr. Misselwitz, 1,200 foreign missionaries are affected. They will become advisers. A Chinese moderator, the Rev. Cheng Ching-yi, was elected, and afterwards this summary was issued: "The Church still needs foreign aid. But members should undertake fitting responsibilities, dismiss denominationalism and creedal strife, and set no limits to the activity of the spirit of God in the wide sphere of human activity. Not that the Church should enter politics, but individuals must face responsibilities. Foreigners are urged to be patient and continue their work with greater energy."

By courtesy of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

HEAD OF CHINA'S NEW CHURCH

The Rev. Cheng Ching-yi, who has been elected moderator of the Church of Christ in China, in which sixteen denominations are united.

Signs that the Chinese Protestants were moving toward unity have been observed for some time, and the New York *Times* says it is only natural that a united church should be built up. But how successful it will be if it actually attempts to merge members brought up in different denominations, says *The Times*, can not be foretold. "It is possible that the natural tolerance of the Chinese in matters religious will make them readier than ourselves in sinking denominational differences. Christians have often been worried about the impression made on the Chinese mind by the rivalries between various churches in the mission fields." *The Times* comments further:

"If the proposed Church in China becomes strong, the rôle of foreign missions in that country will necessarily be changed. The men and women in the field will be no longer directors, but advisers. This will raise the question of the financial support of the missions. It also promises to create new and interesting problems of cooperation. Fortunately, none of them is likely to hinder the work of the missions in general. There is room in China for all who wish to teach the Christian faith. And if the Chinese succeed in unifying various denominations, they will offer a helpful lesson to some at home who have resisted all efforts to bring into closer relationship the differing Christian Churches."

Denominations can not play the part in China that they have played in the West, observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in effect. The Chinese can not see that denominational rivalry and hostility are "in harmony with the spirit of Jesus." Moreover, "the devoted men and women who have done so much to convince the blind 'heathen' of the identity of that spirit with cleanly, wholesome living, with the relief of suffering, with the hospital treatment of the sick, with feeding the hungry and caring for women and children, have come to realize how the 'heathen' feels. Hence the wholesome and normal movement in China at once for the waiving of creed differences and for a transfer of control of activities to native Christians." Whatever the wisdom of uniting the home churches, "it is unquestionable," says the Grand Rapids *Press*, "for the purpose of missionary effort and for the establishment of independent native churches in as distant a land as China, with its own religious history to make." *The Press* believes that churches "do not have to make the same sectarian hodgepodge out of new territory that they have made at home," and "it may in time come about that the truest Christianity, the type least handicapped by man-made theological dissensions and hatreds, the kind most resembling the spirit of the Founder, will be in what to-day the churches call 'the missionary field.'" So the Chicago *Daily News*, which believes it is an enlightened policy in preaching to the Chinese or other Eastern races to concentrate on the fundamentals and put denominational differences aside. "Obviously," comments *The News*, "Chinese peasants or wage workers are puzzled by sectarian differences among Christian churches, tho they can understand the cardinal, basic ideas that are common to all. To expound those ideals is to remove needless obstacles in the path of devoted missionaries." The New Haven *Evening Register* speaks in similar vein, noting that the Chinese saw the beauties of Jesus' ideals, felt the urge of religion in them, hungered for the love hidden in the messages, "but failed to find it in the state they sought, for everywhere there cropped out this thing or that which stamped the various denominations as institutions not wholly patterned on the inspired teachings of Christ." So,

"Feeling thus, they have started out in true Oriental fashion

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to overthrow the petty in the interest of the great. Can it be that they have organized a church that will approximate what all true Christians have been praying for for centuries, namely, one that will be broad enough, yet strict enough, to encompass the desirable while omitting the undesirable?

"India has for years loved 'Jesus of the Roadside,' as they call the Man of Nazareth, but the Church that has come there to teach Him and spread His Gospels has never appealed, for it was seen as something other than explained by the Prophet. So 'Jesus of the Roadside' has prospered in India, and men of power have been caught by His spell, while missionaries have failed in many instances to add to the numbers of their converts to especial faiths.

"Perhaps the 'Church of Christ in China' and 'Jesus of the Roadside' will in time prove to be the Church of Christ in fact. We shall see when the history of this movement is written."

At any rate, the Detroit *Free Press* feels that because of the "wide-spread resentment against missionaries among a great many Chinese . . . to continue campaigning along the old lines for the spread of Christianity would excite more and more resentment and probably invite disaster." *The Free Press* thinks that

"Such at least is the warning lesson contained in the history of former submergences of Christian sects in the 'Celestial Empire,' which did not occur primarily because of lack of religious tolerance, but because of impatience with methods employed by churchmen. There is reason to think that perhaps the organization of a native church may forestall another destructive setback if matters are managed properly.

"Whether a native church can be conducted successfully and permanently in China on a non-sectarian basis is a rather different matter. Such an effort seems Utopian to an occidental. Non-sectarianism on a large scale would be quite impossible in America or Europe. But the Chinese are not like the whites. They are older in their civilization, more sophisticated, and more philosophical."

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"BOOZE-BUZZING WOMEN"

Have been awakened by the evolution of jazz, says former Senator J. Hamilton Lewis in a discussion of the family, which he believes is in process of dissolution.

"If Christianity is to abide and to spread, and ultimately to make a complete conquest of China," observes the Nashville *Tennessean*, "it must take root in the hearts of the people. They must look upon it as their own and not as the mere gift of alien peoples."

However, the Wichita *Eagle* believes that the chances are against the successful establishment of a Chinese Church. *The Eagle* reminds us that many foreign Christian missionaries are generously supporting the Chinese in their effort, and remarks:

"But even if these remain as counselors and not in first place of authority, the movement can easily fail. There is no reason to blink the fact the Christian missionary in China has had along with his spiritual leadership much civic command. The world has never given all the credit coming to the little bands of Christian workers who have struggled to sow the seeds of the faith in this portion of the Orient. Their medical work alone is as splendid a contribution to this age as the age has seen. Their maintenance of human rights has been outright and has done wonders in a culture which was pretty callous in the matter. Such denominational competition as has existed, confusing as it has been to the Chinese mind, has helped in the work rather than hurt. There is every chance in the world that the work assumed by the Chinese with sole authority will be botched by them. In time the Chinese may be equal to it. Their disabilities in other lines of civil progress do not evidence that they are equal to it now."

IS FAMILY LIFE DECADENT?

THE CHEERING NEWS given to the Buffalo Conference on Family Life in America To-day, that the family is not in such bad plight as many believe, is dampened by former Senator J. Hamilton Lewis's assertion before the City and State Catholic Women's League at Chicago that home life is generally recognized as a bore and the family is in process of dissolution. Here are two views as opposite as the poles, the one of Miss Gordon Hamilton of the New York School of Social Work, the other of a well-known public man whose opinion carries much weight. The family does not perhaps play in many lives the exclusive rôle that it once enjoyed, Miss Hamilton admits, as her address is quoted in press dispatches; but that is because other influences are growing, not because the family is weakening. "If the people who are now so alarmed over the breakdown of the family unit would only try their hands at changing a few families, they would be astonished," she says. "No one knows better than social workers how hard it is genuinely to modify a family, let alone doing away with it." Her observation is:

"Family responsibility has not turned to irresponsibility, but by and large there is more diffused social responsibility. It is not so much that relatives have stept out of the family as that society has stept in. Furthermore, as a vigorous organism capable of slow but of almost unlimited adaptation, the family can hardly be excelled."

This is a reminder, observes the Pittsburgh *Post Gazette*, that the family is the most primitive of human associations, and that it has come up through the ages as the unit of society. "Some families may need reformation, but as the unit of society the family institution itself has a record that assures its durability." Of course, no one denies that parents are too often neglectful, comments the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which adds:

"This is as true in circles that social welfare workers do not invade as in the humbler homes. Young people have a latitude that once would have been regarded as scandalous. It is easy to exaggerate the consequences. Much nonsense is talked about the modern young person—more particularly the modern girl. She will compare favorably, as a rule, with the girl of an older generation. Her frankness and self-reliance are often admirable. Nevertheless the parent is not released from all responsibility, tho too many parents seem to think so. But that is no argument against the family as an institution. It has gone through many crises as civilization has reached one stage after another; yet it triumphantly survives."

But Senator Lewis is quite pessimistic over the outlook. He finds marriage and the home crumbling under the assaults of an age given over to luxury and jazz, and he believes that if marriages could be dissolved as easily as business partnerships, half the married couples in this country would be divorced before to-morrow. "Let us confess the disguised truth," he says, as his address to the Catholic women is quoted in the Chicago *Tribune*, "that the great majority of women in this day oppose bearing the burdens of housekeeping and family responsibility as a return for marriage, while men flee from the expense and burdens of house and family." As Senator Lewis sees it,

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"The new basis of life which present-day women and men have fashioned for themselves is such that if divorce could be had to-day as partnerships are dissolved, one-half the married couples in the United States would be parted before to-morrow.

"One-half of the other half would be undivorced, living under the same roof only for the sake of children. The remainder would be living under the bonds of matrimony, some through affection, but mostly in obedience to the commands of Church and religion.

"This new evolution has awakened a booze-buzzing cluster of women, of highball parties, to be found in the parlors of the social elect, as well as the dance palaces and cabarets. Men fly to the golf clubs or sport halls to eschew church and escape their families. These claim that home and children weigh down their freedom, while wives involve them in pretense of conventional forms that rob them of liberty of life.

"To these men and women to whom I refer, neither family life, Church nor duty to God has any call or command. These that I describe are daily increasing, while the domestic life of home and happiness is hourly decreasing."

Politics, too, has become more debased at each election, says Senator Lewis. Cheating and bribery hold sway, while those not in politics stand in amusement at its "antics." And Senator Lewis concludes:

"I warn you that it is only by recovering the standards of virtue in families by women of devotion to home and children, only the rebirth of honor to men in business and State affairs, and the enforcement of both by laws of society or obeyed laws of the State, will the United States escape the fate of other lands that has brought them to the decay of civilization and the death of the State."

IN AUTUMN

By Mary Matheson

WHO, walking in the spring, shall see,
New green upon the poplar tree,
And smiles with hope as he goes by—
Is servant of his Destiny.

Who, walking in the summer fields
Sees all the gold of harvest-yields,
And labors here unceasingly—
Is comrade of his Destiny.

But who can see the beauty fade
In noble works that God hath made,
And keep faith bright in his soul's eye—
Is master of his Destiny.

—*The New Outlook, Toronto.*

THE ONE COMMODITY WE NEED—The United States has "an excess of everything except religion," according to Roger W. Babson, the noted statistician and financial expert, who, in a recent address to the fourteenth annual national business conference at Babson Park, Wellesley, gave an analysis of the present business situation and a forecast for next year. After indicating that we are in a period of declining interest rates, which have never been followed by a panic, and at the same time in a stage of declining commodity prices, which have never been followed by good times, Mr. Babson said, among other things, we read in *Zion's Herald* (Methodist):

"The reason for the above unusual situation is that there is to-day in the United States an excess of everything except religion. There is an excess of gold, which is the basic cause of present dangerous inflation; there is an excess of manufacturing capacity, which is the cause of present severe competition. There is an excess of copper, lumber, oil, coal, rubber, and other raw materials, which is upsetting commodity markets.

"We can not expect a panic so long as money continues easy; nor can we expect better times so long as commodity prices continue to decline.

"Altho 1928 should be a quiet year from a labor standpoint, with very few industrial disturbances, yet 1928 may have some real surprizes for us. Whether these surprizes will be in the form of great emotional uprisings, or will develop into campaigns for greater efficiency on the part of both management and labor, only the future can tell. Surely both sides are more intelligent to-day than ever before, and I believe a more Christian spirit prevails.

"We are in a period when wise manufacturers, merchants, and investors will get out of debt and store up financial, physical, and spiritual resources. If enough men will do this normal conditions could continue, and such readjustment as is necessary could be so spread out over a long period as to do no one any harm. It is for this that I am working. On the other hand, economic laws are as heartless as are physical laws. We can not fool nature in any form. Two and two still make four; while lying and stealing are still wrong. All past, present, and future legislation can not change either the multiplication table or the Ten Commandments. To have the world recognize this basic fact is the great need of 1928."

CHRISTIANIZING BUDDHISM

A BUDDHIST CHRISTIANITY, a Mohammedan Christianity and, perhaps, other mongrel forms of Christianity will likely result from missionary effort in the East, thinks Dean W. R. Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. In an article in *The Forum*, Dean Inge admits that "the East is not calling to the West for more light. On the whole, the East thinks that the less it has to do with Western ideas and institutions, the better. It wants nothing from us but our latest inventions and tools, especially killing tools." However, the missionary effort will go forward, thinks the Dean, and ultimately, even tho slowly, it will attain its goals. What will these be? "Frankly," says Dean Inge, "it does not seem likely that Mohammedans, Hindus, or Buddhists will openly renounce their own religions in order to become Christians. It is only necessary to read Mohammedan propagandists to realize how it is possible to incorporate the whole of Christian ethics in the framework of Islam. These writers," says the English prelate, "tell us with grave faces that Mohammed was conspicuous for his lofty view of the female sex and of social purity; that he abhorred violence; and that in the Moslem heaven the houris are only the believer's own womankind raised to life with enhanced beauty, to delight him with their chaste and spiritual conversation." And if Mohammedanism may be so transformed, the Christianizing of Buddhism is much easier, says the Dean, and he continues:

"Buddhism, as Professor Anesaki insists, may claim, with as good a right as Christianity, to be an absolute religion. Buddha also sent out his sixty disciples, saying to them: 'Go forth on your journeys for the welfare of much people, out of compassion for the world and for the weal of angels and mortals. Preach the all-glorious truth, and proclaim a religious life wholly perfect and pure.' 'Can not a Buddhist nation remain Buddhist and be Christianized in spirit?' We may answer that it is possible, but that the necessary changes would not be small. Buddhism is a metaphysic generating a religion; Christianity is a religion seeking a metaphysic. The former is a creed of intellectual resignation, the latter of faith, hope, and love. The former teaches the pain and impermanence of all limited existence; the latter the redemption of the whole man and personal immortality. As Buddhism grew out of Brahmanism, so Christianity out of prophetic Judaism. But the former is a religion of release, the latter of hope.

"And yet there is a cardinal affinity between the two religions in their attitude toward their divinized founders. 'There are differences due to the historical circumstances in which the two religions have grown up, and of the different demands of the peoples they were intended to lead; but the religious foundation of both is the same.' 'Christianity was prepared for in Japan before the introduction of the cross. On the other hand, no Buddhist will remain unastonished on noticing the very Buddhistic expression of Christianity as shown in the Imitation of Christ or in St. Francis.' 'We Buddhists are ready to accept Christianity; nay, our faith in Buddha is faith in Christ.'"

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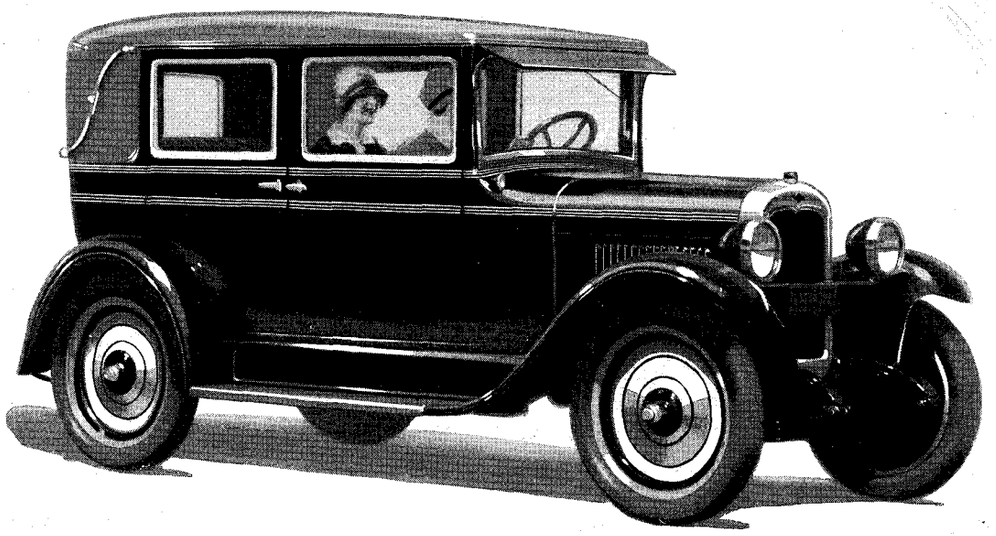

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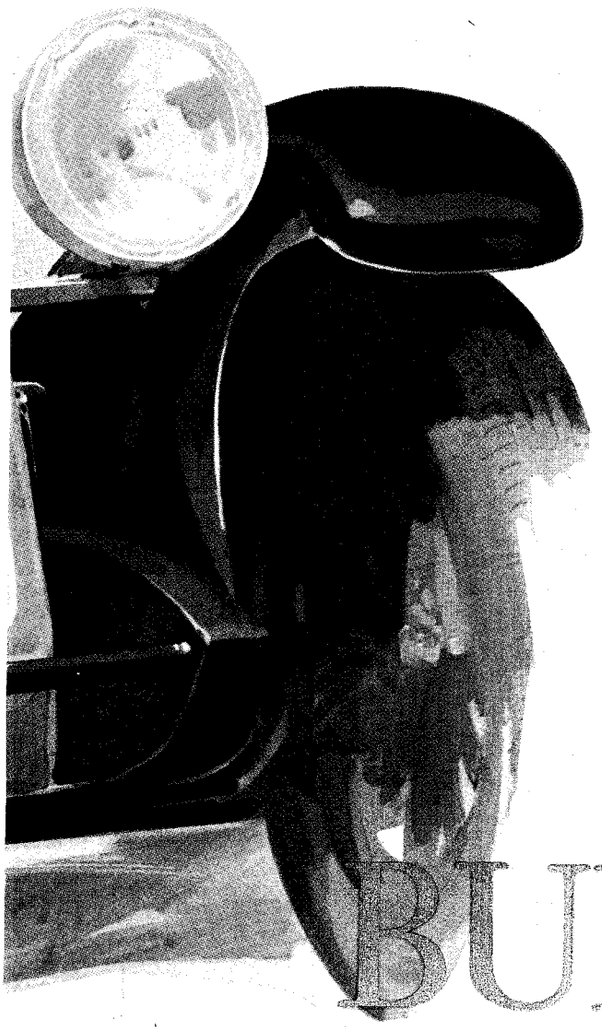
ver that laughs at the steepest hill *Stamina* that survives the roughest going



Tens of thousands invade football stadiums—boxing arenas—*and Buick showrooms*—purposely to see possessors of that stirring quality known as power—as *punch*. In every field of action, it is this great attribute that serves as a magnet for the crowd. Men idolize the man or the motor car that has it.

No car ever rivaled Buick in virile, spectacular performance—in sheer ability to over-ride obstacles and "keep on keeping on". Power—punch—has always been a leading Buick characteristic. And in Buick for 1928, it is developed to a hitherto undreamed-of degree.

Here are getaway like an arrow from a bow—power that laughs at the steepest hill and stamina that survives the roughest going—an ability to "take it" and come back for more that makes the term of Buick life almost entirely a matter of how long you aim to drive it.

Buick for 1928 carries a performance punch unequaled by any other motor car in the world. And this is one vital reason why *the world buys more Buicks* than any other automobile having a base price above $525.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

BUICK *for* 1928

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

To women who guard the family budget—1927 is a turning point

A budget is a great responsibility. One unexpected repair bill due to faulty lubrication takes away the money you hoped to spend on things the family needs.

In today's cars you have noted new colors, new lines, new style. New driving comfort, too. New ease in handling. New power. New ability to speed up and slow down in traffic.

But—

Higher engine temperatures and faster working speeds accompany these changes.

And many oils which "worked all right" a few years ago are showing serious shortcomings today. Raising repair bills. Increasing carbon deposit. Causing other troubles.

They *haven't the margin of safety needed* for 1927 driving conditions.

As you drive over today's improved country highways, you find faster speeds both comfortable and safe. *But this puts a new burden on your engine and on your lubricating oil.*

As you crawl through crowded streets remember this: A few blocks of frequent starting and stopping *can injure your lubricating oil* more than miles of straightaway driving.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
" other mods.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other mods.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....

There is one oil which will surely keep your automobile bills at the lowest possible point.

That oil is the 1927 Gargoyle Mobiloil.

When you turn to the 1927 Mobiloil, you use the oil which is asked for by more automobile engineers than any 3 other oils combined.

The Mobiloil Chart tells you exactly which oil to use to meet the mechanical needs of your particular car. Every Mobiloil dealer has it.

We advise you to ask for the oil both by name and grade designation, thus: Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil Arctic, Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "BB," Mobiloil "B," Mobiloil "C," Mobiloil "CC." The Chart tells which.

And Mobiloil is the most convenient oil you can buy—it is sold by more dealers than any other oil you can name.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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CURRENT · POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

YOU can sing this or dance it; its rhythm will compel one or the other response. From *Interludes* (Baltimore):

GYPSY SONG

By Arthur Melville

Castanets clicking in Romany,
In Romany, in Tzigani;
Bright fires are leaping in Romany
To the twang of a Spanish guitar.

Tambourines tinkling in Romany,
In Romany, in Tzigani;
Gypsies are dancing in Romany
Under a twinkling star.

Then, hey for the high road,
The white winding by-road
That leads to the camp-site afar;
The creak of the caravan,
Lurch of the gypsy van—
Life that no master may mar.
At dawn we take trail again,
Tighten the traces' chain,
Fling the last crust in the jar;
Blithe as the birds above,
Singing our gypsy love,
Follow our wandering star.

Castanets clicking in Romany,
In Romany, in Tzigani;
Bright skirts are flying in Romany
To the lilt of a Spanish guitar.

Tambourines tinkling in Romany,
In Romany, in Tzigani;
Gypsies are whirling in Romany,
Dark eyes a-shine like the star.

Then, hey for the high road,
The white winding by-road
That leads to the tent-pitch afar;
The freshness of fallen dew,
Lure of the calling blue—
Life that no custom can mar.
At dawn we take trail again,
Loosen our greyhound's chain,
Buckle each strap to the bar;
Blithe as the birds above,
Mated by gypsy love,
Follow our wandering star.

The Gypsy (Autumn issue, Cincinnati) is distinguished by the inclusion of a poem by the winner of the Hawthornden prize, for her epic, "The Land" (Heinemann). It is no disparagment that this calls to mind Browning's "Home Thoughts from Abroad."

IN SYRIA

By V. Sackville-West

I know, I know, that even at this hour
When winds blow softer and the sun gains power
In that dim island of the northern seas,
Down in the woodland wakes the early flower.

There in a sodden autumn when the last
Red leaf hung shivering in November's blast,
Scillas I planted, and anemones,
And knew them warm though skies were overcast.

And now though all the drifts of Lebanon
Are mine, and by Orontes wings the swan,
And all the hills put on a flowered coat,
My heart is sick for what I have foregone.

The first upraising of the woodland mould;
The first green blade; the first, the secret fold
Of green leaves under brown; the thrush's note
When the pale sunshine makes him overbold.

For though the summer brings her myriad sweets,
And at the turn when May with April meets
I shall see England,—still the startled spring
Is dearer than the summer's crown of feats.

Though April promise but what June fulfils,
Dearer than roses are the daffodils.
Who would not grudge one April on the wing,
And long for England, on the Syrian hills?

Palms has migrated from Mexico to Aberdeen, Washington, and in the October number offers this bit of romance:

LOWER ROAD

By V. Valerie Gates

Oh, but we were fancy free
In the summer weather
To walk a score of dusty miles
Just to be together.
We started very early,
And we walked until noon,
To find the old, sequestered place
Where time went by so soon.
Your dusky head was close to me,
Warm against my shoulder,—
And suddenly I came to be
A thousand years older.
We talked awhile concerning God
And then of trivial things.
We talked about a river snake
And how a locust sings.
I know I didn't listen,
I know I didn't try,
For all the while your dark eyes
Were searching at the sky.
And we were sudden-silent,
Oh, I felt so queerly old,—
And you said we'd best be going
Before the wind came cold.
When we rose and started homeward
We were somehow very wise
And we held the little silence
Between us in our eyes.
The only creature that we met
Was a hopping toad,
But all the while the sunlight
Had been sleeping on the road.

Poetry (Chicago) conjures for us this picture of the continuity of life:

IN AN OLD HOMESTEAD

By Agnes Lee

For years and years and years,
In this room of a great-grandsire,
Others have sat as I sit,
Spreading their hands to the fire:

Generations of hands—
Powerful hands outflung,
Hands withered and old,
Hands beautiful, young.

Spreading my hands to the fire,
I see, as a blur, as a glow,
Myself in a vanishing mirror
Go down the ages ago.

I see through flowerless orchards,
Through ghostly thoroughfares,
Myself, a figure passing
To mingle my hands with theirs.

Leap, cedar-flame, leap!
Leap, flame of the pine!
And warm my hands—
While yet my hands are mine.

Something seasonal turns up in *Poetry of To Day* (London):

TRANSITORY

By Elizabeth Davis Richards

Fall is a Gypsy
With a kirtle of red.
Leaves turn a crimson
Over her head.
Torches of sumac
Burst into flame;
Winds at the dawning
Whisper her name.
Fall—
Gather your coins
Now while you may,
Grey ghosts of summer
Travelled this way.

Put into verse, these are some of the thoughts Isadora Duncan uttered just before her death. We read in *The Commonweal* (New York):

TO A DANSEUSE

By Mary Carolyn Davies

You dance the words you cannot say;
You dance the prayer you cannot speak.
You dance your joyousness, wild, gay,
Your yearning for the goal you seek.

Though I am silent, I too, know.
I read your dance, I, watching, hear.
I understand your joy, and, oh,
Your dark despairing, and your fear.

For, dancer, in your gestures gay,
(O, thanks to you, and to your art!)
You dance the words I cannot say,
The hidden prayer within my heart.

Beautiful verse is the product of this translator, and the thoughts have suffered nothing in coming over. It all bears the high standard of *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin):

BOOKS

(From the French of Monsieur François Mauriac.)

By Viola Garvin

This is "The Imitation of Christ," and here sleeps
All my mystical childhood, my past; and above
The verse of poor Verlaine remembers and weeps
With its sorrowful tears of ineffable love.
Pascal came to guide me across the dark plain
To those infinite places of glory and pain.

And here is the missal, which, sleepy and slack,
I fingered at Vespers through long dreary hours
With the names of my playfellows scrawled on the back
Of an ivory card with a chalice and flowers.
Where we read the approval of bishops—the prayers
For fine weather, for rain and for temporal things
In the chapel at Vespers, asleep on our chairs,
Thro' the clear heavy Sundays of long ancient Springs.

And here is the gospel divine, where the hell
Of my suffering soul is appeased in the light.
I see Thee in dreams on the brim of the well,
Preaching on the mountain and calming the blast.
My Lord and my God, who draws near in the night
To open Thine arms and receive me at last.

If this comes from the Gaelic, we might assume of an earlier age, but this is not likely, since Ireland has turned back to her old language. Quoted from *The Commonweal* (New York):

HOW HAPPY ARE THE LITTLE BIRDS

(Adapted from the Gaelic of Patrick Staunton,)

By Shaemas O'Sheel

How happy are the little birds
That fly about together,
And warble on a single bough
Or nestle in cold weather!
Not so, alas, with you and me,
Girl who should be my bride,
Between us rage the waters,
Between us flows the tide.

I say that you are fairer
Than lilies in the sun,
I say your voice is rarer
Than seven harps played as one.
I say the poets praise you
That you are proud in pain,
And may God bring you swiftly
Back to my arms again!

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

WHEN HENRY WARD BEECHER SOLD SLAVES

"WHO BIDS? How much for her?" It is Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and he is auctioning off a beautiful mulatto girl of twenty years—not into slavery, but out of it into liberty. Her name is Sarah, and Mr. Beecher has led her up to stand beside him on the platform of Plymouth pulpit in the presence of a vast congregation. She is drest from head to food in virginal white. Beecher bids the girl loose her hair, and it falls in shining waves to the floor. Then he reads from St. Luke: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

"How much for her?" he cries, imitating the rasping voice of the slave auctioneer. "Will you allow this praying woman to go back to Virginia, to meet the fate for which her own white father sold her? If not, who bids? Who bids?"

Mrs. Beecher afterward described the scene that followed, when she wrote:

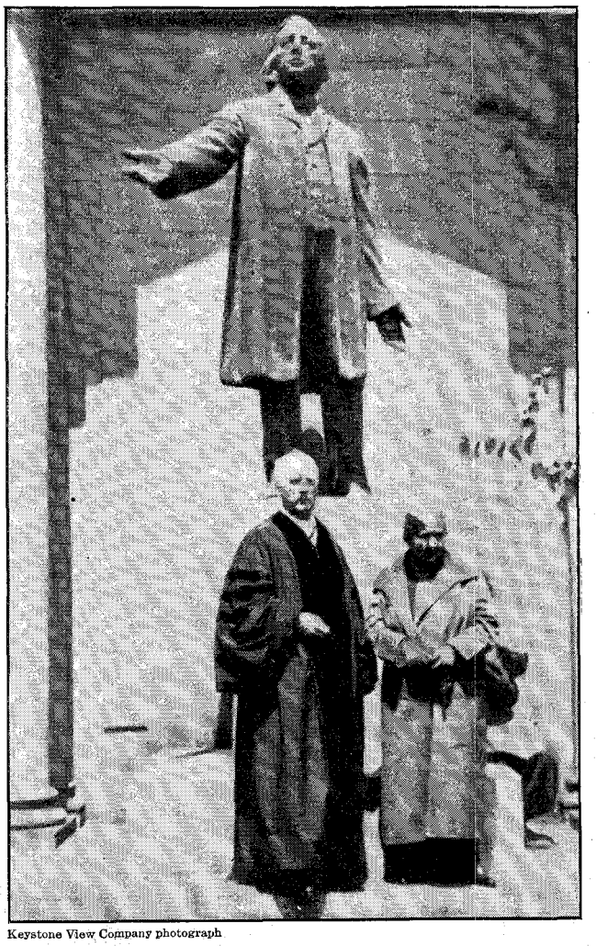
> Tears of pity and indignation streamed from eyes unused to weeping. Women became hysterical; men were almost beside themselves. For half an hour money was heaped into the contribution boxes, while those to whom the baskets seemed too slow in coming, threw coin and bank-notes upon the pulpit. Women took off their jewelry and put it into the baskets. Rings, bracelets, brooches, piled one upon the other. Men unfastened their watches and handed them to the ushers.

And all the while, we are told, Beecher was tearing at the hearts of his audience with his appeal. He brought forth heavy iron slave-shackles, cast them on the floor before him, and trampled them under foot in a frenzy of righteous wrath, while Sarah cowered beside him, her glorious hair half concealing her. She was freed, of course, and the narrator adds that she went to live near her benefactor's country place at Peekskill for the remainder of her days. She never married.

Such is the story of one of Beecher's spectacular feats in the days before the Civil War, as described by Paxton Hibben in his new biography, "Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait" (Doran).

There are two kinds of biography: one that gilds the refined gold of a man's virtues, the other that blackens the shadows of his defects—both for artistic reasons. The latter class—the "debunking school," as it calls itself—is now in the ascendent, and Mr. Hibben's book belongs to that school. It is not averse to painting Beecher as an *Elmer Gantry*. With this bias understood, his life of Beecher has much to make it worthy of study, if not always of acceptance.

But to return to that dramatic auction in Plymouth pulpit, June 1, 1855. Sarah was the first of several slaves sold thus into freedom "as a means," said Beecher, "of arousing public feeling against the abomination of slavery, which I hate with an unutterable hatred."



Keystone View Company photograph

"PINKY" AND HER SCULPTURED AUCTIONEER

At the foot of the Beecher Monument, in Brooklyn, we here behold his protégée, Mrs. James Hunt ("Pinky"), the former slave whom he sold to freedom from the pulpit. The accompanying figure, on the reader's left, is that of a clergyman who took part in an anniversary celebration at Plymouth Church last May.

The most interesting of all these sales, however, the Brooklyn *Standard-Union* thinks, was that of "Pinky," the nine-year-old daughter of a white father and negro mother, whose freedom was purchased by Beecher in the same manner on Sunday, February 5, 1860. The $900 needed was more than subscribed. As the preacher told his parishioners long afterward: "The rain never fell faster than the tears fell from many of you that were here. The scene was one of intense enthusiasm. The child was bought and overbought." *The Standard-Union* recalls these details:

> Rose Terry, later Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, famous authoress, threw a ring into the basket. Beecher, placing the ring on the girl's finger, cried, "Remember, with this ring I do wed thee to freedom." She was afterwards called Rose Ward Diggs in honor of Miss Terry and Beecher.
>
> Plymouth Church also generously contributed toward her education at Howard University. Beecher last saw her in 1864 at the home of Chief Justice Chase in Washington.

President Lincoln also showed interest in the story of the little slave girl as related to him by Beecher. Mrs. Beecher wrote in later years:

> "This is a sweet thought that connects the freedom sales of 'Sarah' and 'Pinky' in Plymouth Church, with the emancipation of the colored people, and that gives to Mr. Beecher, who had labored so long, so zealously, and so eloquently for abolition, the honor of receiving the first intimation from President Lincoln of that proclamation which has shed upon this country even greater glory than the Declaration of Independence."

Mr. Hibben is inclined to discount Henry Ward Beecher's services as an emancipator, and to insist that Beecher, like Horace Greeley, was numbered among Lincoln's most unreasonable critics; nevertheless, his book recalls to mind a notable sequel to the foregoing scene. It occurred last May, on the eightieth anniversary of Beecher's first sermon in Plymouth pulpit, and the fortunate "Pinky" of other days stood once more upon the historic platform where sixty-seven years ago the noted preacher had given her the gift of freedom. She is now Mrs. James Hunt,

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Today's Car for Americans of Today

The grace of a gleaming monoplane. The change of pace of a great halfback inspired.

* * *

Such are your thoughts as you flash away in this new and masterly car.

* * *

Speed—action—snap—style. Color—charm—distinction.

* * *

The spirit of our breathless age expressed in a motor car—expressed through the genius of great engineers and the master craftsmen of Fisher.

* * *

Small wonder that new owners have been so deeply stirred. Small wonder that our Oakland sales are rising week by week!

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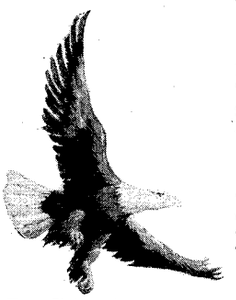
For here is a brilliant interpretation of modern American motoring needs—a vivid expression of American ideals of motor car beauty.

* * *

A car of today for Americans of today—the kind of a car on which America invariably bestows success!



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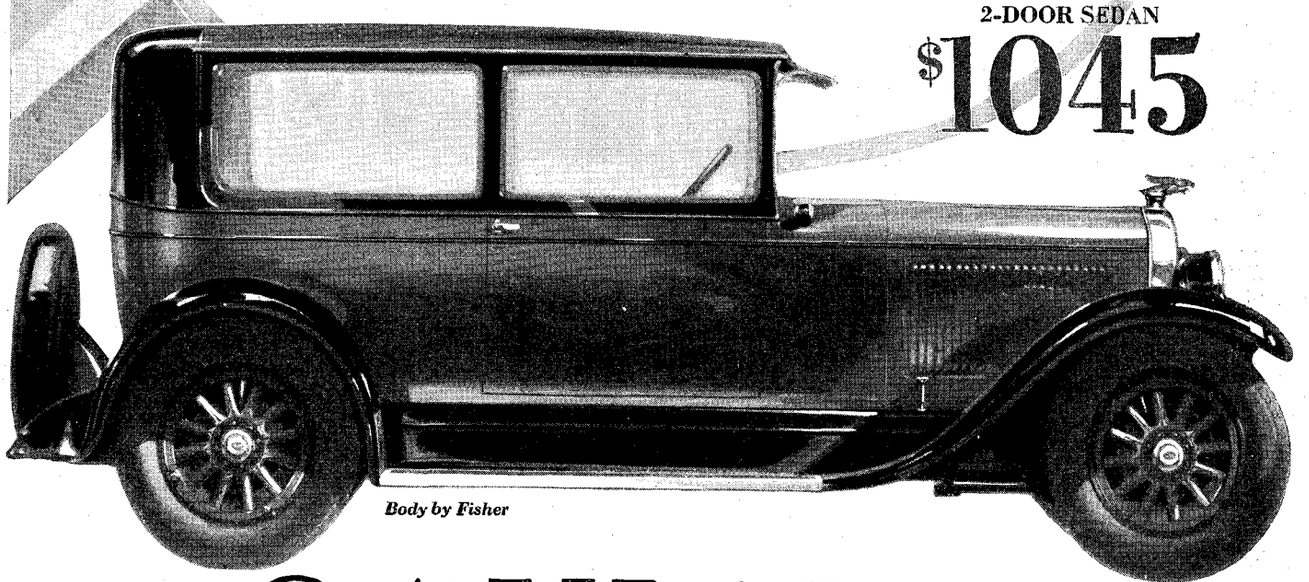
$1045



Body by Fisher

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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wife of a retired negro lawyer of Washington, a quiet little woman of seventy-six. A Brooklyn *Eagle* writer thus described her at the time:

Mrs. Hunt stood nervously by. She is a small person inclined to be stout, quietly drest in black and white. Her skin is fair and almost unwrinkled. There is a look of contentment on her smooth face. Her gray eyes were dimmed with tears. Earlier in the day, when she had posed for photographs and taken off her black straw hat, her hair was seen to be curly and well streaked with gray, plainly parted in the middle and drawn from her face.

When the last note of the organ pealed away, Mrs. Hunt had regained her composure. In the soft accents of her native South, she began to read from a paper. It was her declaration of thanks to Plymouth Church. Her voice was so subdued, at first the people in the back of the church did not hear her. But the room was tensely quiet, and as she went on she was more encouraged and it was less difficult to hear her.

A simple little incident recalls the auction to this woman. She was wearing a round rubber comb in her hair to keep her curls out of her eyes. Those combs were the rage in those days before the Civil War, and the little mulatto child felt very proud of hers because a "pretty white lady" had given it to her.

Mr. Beecher put his hand on the child's head during his auctioneering sermon. He felt the comb and took it out.

"My child, never wear anything in your hair that God did not put there."

That is the only vivid impression Mrs. Hunt has of her public sale for freedom. All the other incidents, she says, have been repeated to her so much since that she feels they are other persons' memories, not her own.

By her very simplicity Mrs. Hunt quite won the big Plymouth Church crowd. There is nothing presuming about her. She looks and acts just what she is—a quiet little home-body who has never appeared in public since she stopt school-teaching when she married her husband in 1879.

Mr. Halsey, the sexton, one of the three persons present who had witnessed the original auction, recalled it vividly.

"The church was crowded as it is now," he said. "Every one seemed tense and full of emotion. The streets outside were lined with carriages. Now there are automobiles. I remember most distinctly the collection baskets. They were piled with jewelry that people had thrown in after Mr. Beecher's stirring talk."

It is forty years since Henry Ward Beecher died, and there have been many biographies of him since then. If the earlier ones displayed any prejudice in favor of their hero, no such fault can be charged to the pen of Paxton Hibben, according to a review of his book in *The Christian Century* by the Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, biographer of Lincoln. Dr. Barton notes the author's tendency to believe the worst, but at the same time he notes the full documentation and the painstaking care with which Mr. Hibben's book is written. As an example of these qualities we may take a few paragraphs from the account of Beecher's years as a young preacher at Indianapolis, when he had begun to hold his congregations spellbound, but was still hesitating about attacking slavery. Mr. Hibben writes under date of 1847:

Henry Ward Beecher was thirty when he felt, at last, that he knew his trade. He was at that period of his life when he was least good looking—"plain not only in feature but in form," Mrs. Ketcham said. He called himself "a lubberly fellow." He had tried whiskers, and abandoned them—whiskers were regarded with disfavor in Indiana in those days. His hair was rather stringy, very long and waved to one side in an opulent lock in front. As he preached, this lock would fall over his face, and he would brush it back with a sweeping gesture.

His dress was sloppy. He went about with his trousers tucked in his boot-tops, and no dignity. He would be pitching manure in his garden one day and preaching the next. When the house of his Methodist colleague, the Rev. W. W. Hibben, burned down, he helped to carry water like any fireman. Once he came in from a long trip on horseback, late for church. He strode up the aisle just as he was, in his oldest coat and green baize leggings, spattered with mud. He began the service without comment. Eunice, his wife, writhed at his disorderly habits and unceremonious behavior. Henry Ward Beecher did not care.

Physically powerful and full-blooded, he had no patience with what he called "slender health." And slender health was what Eunice Beecher enjoyed.

"One whose attention is, for years, directed to his own body, who watches his pains, and minutely studies every hour of his life, is apt to become extremely selfish," he preached on a occasion, and went on to speak at length of those who sp "their life thinking about themselves; fretful, peevish, c satisfied, forever arguing some future evil—a burden to the friends, a curse to themselves."

His audience nudged one another and whispered behind their hands—"He ought to know—Mrs. Beecher—pss—pss—"

What Henry Ward Beecher craved was a sense of power. He would go out to Uncle William Bradshaw's farm and chop down one tree after another "just to hear 'em fall," he said. When a giant maple began to shudder under the swift, vigorous strokes, he would wipe his face on his sleeve and feel, for the moment, that he was master of himself—that he had exorcized all the vacillations, the uncertainties, the fears, closeted within him. He acquired a certain incomparable arrogance that gradually took the place of the horse-play of his first pastoral years. Ex-President Van Buren visited the Indiana capital, and signified his intention to attend Beecher's church.

"Will it make any difference to you?" Elijah Alvord asked Henry Ward.

"No difference," he replied. "I should preach to him just as I would to any other sinner."

But Martin Van Buren was not to be outdone.

"How did you like Beecher's sermon?" Alvord asked the late President, hoping to cadge a compliment for his friend.

"His trousers don't set very well," said the Red Fox dryly.

Beecher rode hither and yon over Indiana helping in revivals, but still secretly timid in this unfamiliar field. Mr. Hibben gives this further insight into the young preacher's character:

"How helpless and wretched did I feel when Jewett sent for me to come over and help him! I had no effective sermons. I did not know how to preach in a revival," Beecher said, of the first of these experiences, at Terre Haute. "Hardly was my saddle empty before Jewett was at my elbow. 'You have done well to come. You must preach to-night.' . . . In a moment the cloud lifted. The reluctance was gone. It has been so all my life. At a distance I dread and brood and shrink from any weighty enterprise; but the moment the occasion arrives, joy shines clear, and an eager appetite to dash into the battle comes."

Just now he was brooding and dreading and shrinking in respect to slavery. In the governorship campaign of 1843, there was an Abolition ticket in the field, headed by two men of the highest standing. That same fall, the irrepressible Synod of Indiana, with Lyman Beecher present as his son's guest, adopted a resounding open letter on slavery, drafted by Elder Stephen C. Stevens, former Justice of the State Supreme Court, and addrest to the Christian brethren of the slave-holding States. Even Lyman Beecher had come out against slavery at last.

As Henry Ward and his Elder, John L. Ketcham, rode from Lafayette together, belly-deep in mud, after the Synod meeting closed, young Beecher had about made up his mind to take the plunge on slavery. But at Pendleton, a short way from Indianapolis, they ran into an incident that set him back again into reticence.

A group of Abolitionists, including a white woman speaker and a former slave (Frederick Douglass), whose part it was to recite his escape, were holding meetings. The good folk of Pendleton were possest of minds that could conceive of but one explanation of the presence of a white woman and a negro man in the same company. Accordingly, they mobbed the Abolitionists. The ringleader of the riot was duly arrested, pleaded guilty and was jailed. But three hundred mounted men armed with rifles galloped into Indianapolis and demanded his release—and Governor Whitcomb pardoned the man.

On the subject of this abject yielding by the Governor to intimidation, Henry Ward was outspoken:

"What can the community expect but growing dishonesty, when the Executive, consulting the spirit of the community, receives the demands of the mob, and humbly complies, throwing down the defenses of the law, that base rioters may walk unimpeded to their work of vengeance or unjust mercy?"

But on slavery he had nothing to say. Indeed, Henry Ward Beecher was formulating a practical philosophy for a successful minister of the gospel, which he shortly imparted to his brother Charles.

"Preach little doctrine," he advised, "except what is of moldy orthodoxy; keep all your improved breeds, your short-horned Durhams, your Berkshires, etc., way off to pasture. They will get fatter, and nobody will get scared. Take hold of the most practical subjects; popularize your sermons. I do not ask you to change yourself; but, for a time, while captious critics are lurking, adapt your mode so as to insure that you should be rightly understood."

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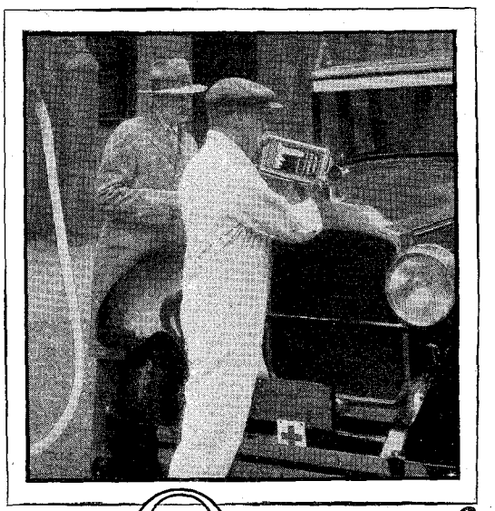
The perfect anti-freeze

EVEREADY PRESTONE

Trade-mark Registered

(ETHYLENE GLYCOL)

For the preparation of anti-freeze solutions as covered by U. S. Patent 1213368



9 points of superiority

1. Gives complete protection
2. Does not boil away
3. Positively will not damage cooling system
4. Will not heat up a motor
5. Will not affect paint or varnish
6. Non-inflammable
7. Odorless
8. Does not become viscous at low temperatures; will not decompose at high temperatures
9. Never deteriorates—economical to use

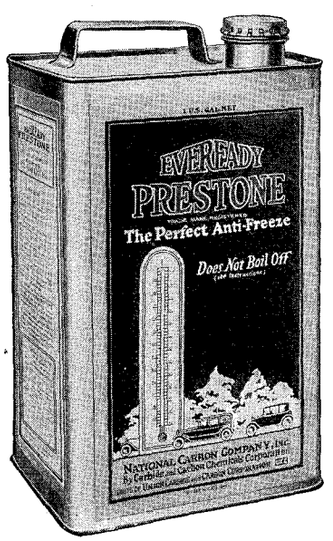
UNTIL the advent of Eveready Prestone there never had been a thoroughly satisfactory anti-freeze. Eveready Prestone gives the motorist carefree satisfaction of *permanent* protection against a freeze-up possibly resulting in a damaged radiator or cracked engine castings.

As a result of several years of research and practical development, National Carbon Company, Inc., manufacturers of Eveready Flashlights and Eveready Radio Batteries, are now in a position to supply Eveready Prestone to the automobile owner as a scientific anti-freeze.

While Eveready Prestone has not been available to the general public, it is by no means an experiment. It has been marketed for several years, but only in restricted areas, because of a limited supply. Leading motor-car manufacturers and thousands of individual car owners, after using Eveready Prestone under every conceivable operating condition through the most severe cold weather, have given it their unqualified endorsement.

They found that by filling radiators with the proper solution of Eveready Prestone as soon as cool weather set in they made certain of protection against unexpected early freezing spells and they did not have to worry about sudden rises in temperature affecting the strength of their anti-freeze. One supply of Eveready Prestone lasted each car all winter without replenishment. Boiling did *not* cause any evaporation loss other than water. As long as there was no leakage, one filling of Eveready Prestone was insurance against a frozen radiator through a winter of the most frigid weather.

Now this perfect anti-freeze is available for general use. Put Eveready Prestone in the radiator of your car right now and, providing you've guarded against leaks in the circulating system, it will last right through the winter without your giving further thought to the danger of freezing up your radiator. Another advantage of starting early with anti-freeze is the protection you have against the intermittent cold spells that precede winter and cause a lot of uneasiness among car owners. Be safe by getting a supply of Eveready Prestone now. It will protect your motor against a possible sudden freeze and it does not lose its strength as a result of being in service during warm weather.



While the initial cost of Eveready Prestone is more than that of ordinary anti-freeze solutions its economy is apparent when you consider that there are no replacements necessary all winter except to add water. A can of Eveready Prestone contains the pure undiluted product — no water. For use in automobile radiators water is added according to the degree of protection desired. One gallon of pure Eveready Prestone is equal in protection value to two gallons of the usual water diluted anti-freeze solutions. Eveready Prestone is put up in 1-gallon and ½-gallon cans.

Eveready Prestone is unlike any other anti-freeze. It is a distinct chemical compound that does not contain either alcohol or glycerine. It never becomes gummy. Like water, it is free-flowing and leaves no deposit.

Insist on Eveready Prestone for winter protection against the freezing of your radiator. If your dealer doesn't have it in stock, he can get it for you very quickly.

Manufactured for

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.

New York UCC San Francisco

by CARBIDE AND CARBON CHEMICALS CORP.

Units of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

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BEECHER'S AMERICAN SOOTHING SIRUP

—Sir John Tenniel in *Punch* (London), October 31, 1863.

And as he advised, so he did.

But somehow or other it just did not seem to work. For all the steady growth of his church and the devotion of the major part of his flock, Henry Ward seemed powerless to prevent losses, not simply by people leaving the church because they did not like him—few did that—but through the horrible, public process of sin, discovery, and a consequent excommunication pronounced by Henry Ward Beecher himself from the pulpit. He could not, in the end, save even his friend Elijah Alvord, the gambler. For Alvord indiscreetly boasted that if there was a brick in his magnificent house that had not been won at poker, he would take it out and insert another.

As Dr. Barton remarks in his review of this book in *The Christian Century*, we know beforehand what will be the author's attitude regarding the scandal which clouded Beecher's later years. Concerning this portion of the volume, Dr. Barton writes:

Two-fifths of Mr. Hibben's book is about that incident. It is patent that the scandal is what chiefly interests him. We are safe in guessing that but for the scandal he never would have written this biography. It is a dark cloud in which the author sees Mr. Beecher's sun go down. And he closes his book without any thought of an afterglow. Indeed, the silly and flippant ditty with which the volume ends is no guaranty that the author knew any worthy way to end his work. It is a poor climax, but perhaps as good as the book could have had.

Plymouth Church exonerated its minister. An ecclesiastical council which followed did the same. Then the matter went to the civil court, the trial beginning January 11, and ending July 2, 1875. The court was in session 112 days. The jury could not agree. Three favored conviction and nine acquittal.

I was a lad of fourteen when the trial ended. I remember the eager waiting for the daily papers during those long weeks. I read bits and scraps only, but my father and mother, my uncle and two aunts, read every line. Their faith in Henry Ward Beecher never faltered. I remember that shortly afterward Theodore Tilton, Beecher's accuser, passed through our little town on his way to a lecture appointment, and I boarded the train that I might have a square look at so bad a man. I had much practise and some skill in those days in the graceful art of jumping on and off moving trains, and I knew that the train would be in motion when I was ready to get off. But I did not hurry. I had no trouble in recognizing Tilton, and it was strange to me that so evil a man should show to a boy staring hard at him as he quietly read his book so few marks of moral turpitude.

Twenty years later, says Dr. Barton, a historical quest led him into a study of Beecher's early work, and he continues:

I resolved to go through with that study, tho it lay at a tangent from my prescribed course. I read pretty thoroughly the whole story of the Beecher trial. Again, a few years ago, finding on sale a sizable package of pamphlets issued in connection with this trial, I bought them and reviewed the case, and read substantially the whole of the evidence. In the interval between the two readings I had talked freely with Lyman Abbott, who was a lawyer before he was a minister, and with Frank W. Gunsaulus, after one of his sojourns in Brooklyn in which he had had occasion to go over the matter with some look into original documents.

I have no doubt from his bibliography that Mr. Hibben has done much more reading on this subject than I have ever done. But his treatment of the case is of necessity selective, and my first feeling as I read his story of the whole affair is that it gives a very different impression from that which I got from reading the entire evidence.

Mr. Hibben is not content with doing Beecher to death in the matter of the Tilton case, according to Dr. Barton, but also denies that he was in any respect a great man or moral leader. We read further in *The Christian Century:*

According to his analysis, Beecher never was a great man. He did not advocate any reform till he had made sure that others, more courageous, had made it safe for him. He was quick to take up the anti-slavery business after it had become fashionable. Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope" gave him the signal for coming out against an endless hell. Evolution was an established theory in Great Britain before Beecher declared for it here. And so on and so on. He declares that Beecher in his stories of his early ministry invariably prevaricated. As for his service to the union cause in Great Britain, that was nearly all false. Great Britain's sympathies were with the North before Beecher went over, but he was glad to come back and tell what a great service he had rendered. This is what Mr. Hibben tells us, and part of it may be true, but not all by any means.

I lay down Mr. Hibben's book not without an acknowledgment of the author's diligence, but with the feeling that I have been reading a second volume of "Elmer Gantry." There is something in the spirit of the two books which is painfully similar. I am certain that Henry Ward Beecher was a great man, and I am not convinced that he was a deliberately bad man.

Ever try the Thimble-rig, Beecher? I wonder which is Grant!
And which is Grant and which is Seymour sure? make yer game gents
What's de nig-ger now? say chile what's de nigger now?
Gwine back to old massa you fool, as quick as de Lor will let him
SALT RIVER PACKET starts: November 5th
Dock foot of Lane.
One of the thimbles seems to have a considerable lean, Grant must be under that one
SEYMOUR
TRIBUNE

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1868 by Bromley & Company, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the southern district of New York

BEECHER AND GREELEY HESITATE BETWEEN GRANT AND SEYMOUR

Detail from a political cartoon published by Bromley & Company in 1868.

—Courtesy of the Boston Public Library.

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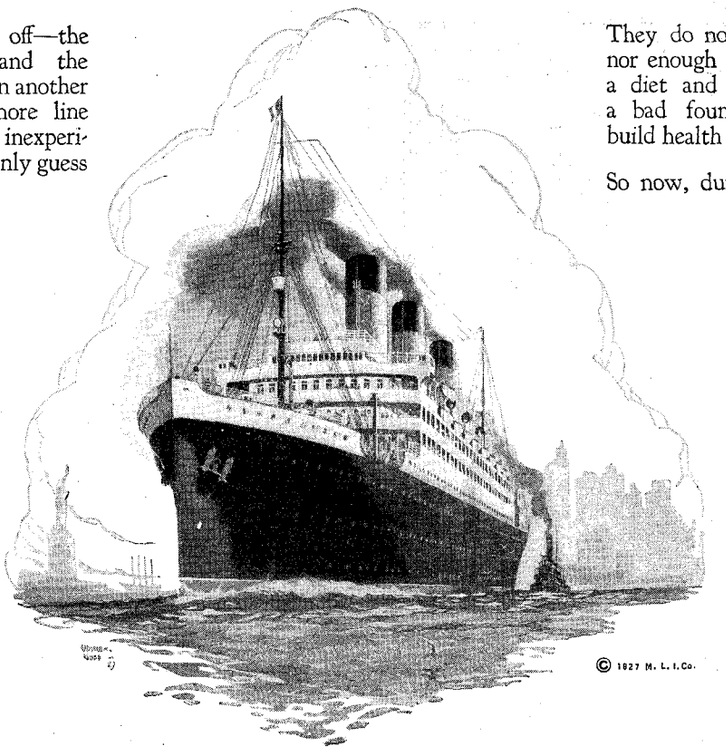
Ship-shape Condition

THE last cable is off—the whistle blows—and the great liner starts on another long voyage. As the shore line fades away, veteran and inexperienced travellers alike, can only guess what the future holds in store. But they know that before the ship sailed, every vital part was given painstaking inspection. Hour after hour throughout the voyage the same watchfulness will be continued. The captain is ready to meet heavy seas, for in fair weather he has prepared for storms.



Each of us, during the autumn, bears a strange resemblance to a ship leaving port. Some, sturdy and sound and ready for what may come; others weak and unfit for a crisis; still others needing only a slight overhauling to qualify them to meet the added hazards which the winter months bring.

January claims more deaths than December, and February more than January. Year after year, the same thing occurs—because men and women and children have not fortified their bodies to meet the rigors of the winter.

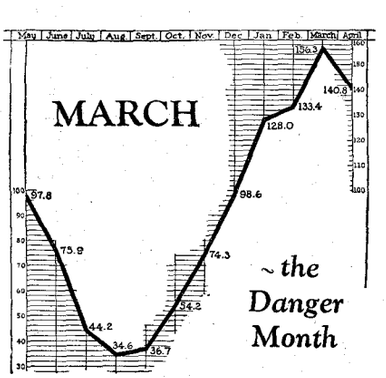
Then follows March—March called the "danger month" because it is then that neglected colds suddenly change from seemingly unimportant discomforts to deadly menaces. Tired hearts and racked lungs make only a feeble fight for life. The plain truth is that all too many people live an abnormal life in the winter time. They eat too much. They do not get enough exercise, nor enough fresh air. Too heavy a diet and too little sleep make a bad foundation on which to build health and strength.

So now, during the crisp, autumn weather, exercise in the open whenever it is possible. And during the winter, if you have no time or opportunity for outdoor exercise, you will find that intelligent daily indoor exercise in a properly ventilated room is a fine substitute—a daily tonic.

But, first of all, have a thorough physical examination. If there are any defects which can be corrected see that they are given immediate attention.

It is a real cause for thanksgiving that this is only November and there is still plenty of time to make preparations to sail safely through the "danger month".

You who are wise will fit yourselves to meet the approaching winter months in ship-shape condition.



This chart is an average picture of the four years from May, 1923 to April, 1927. It illustrates graphically for you, month by month, the average deathrate from Pneumonia per 100,000 population from May to April.

Study the picture. Note carefully the rise and fall.

When you reach the dizzy pinnacle—the March Peak—you will see that the danger of death from all forms of Pneumonia is more than four times as great as in midsummer.

* * * *

Statistical records show that in November, 1926, 8,000 persons died of Pneumonia. In December 11,400 persons died from the same cause. In January, 1927, 16,200. In February 15,000. And in March 17,000.

March is also the peak month for colds and for deaths from heart disease and tuberculosis. More children die of measles in that month than in any other month of the year.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a series of simple exercises aimed to develop the body and keep it in sound physical condition. An exercise chart and two valuable booklets, "Commonsense in Exercise" and "The Prevention of Pneumonia" will be mailed free of charge to anyone who writes for them.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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THE BATTLE OVER A JESSE JAMES MONUMENT

A HALO FOR JESSE JAMES, the bandit, is not yet in sight, but it may come in time, we are assured. Already, the surreptitiously worshiped idol of American boys of half a century is in peril of losing his bad name. There is a movement on foot to build a monument to him in his home-town

A GOOD START

—Thomas in the *Detroit News*.

cemetery at Kearney, Missouri, and the topsy-turvy historians whose mission in life is to reverse the colors of all established reputations, changing white to black and black to white, have their whitewash brushes poised threateningly over his dark name. "What is this age coming to," exclaims one serious opponent of the monument proposal, "when the George Washingtons have mud slung at them and the Jesse Jameses are eulogized in marble!" To "the George Washingtons" might be added "and the Henry Ward Beechers," as may be seen from our preceding article, beginning on page 38.

Both sides of the controversy are presented by James H. Powers in the Boston *Globe*. He writes:

Did you suppose Jesse James was a scoundrel? A thief, train-robber, Wild West border thug, and murderer? Well, you're wrong. Absolutely. The fact of the matter is that Jesse James was a high-minded, self-sacrificing, brave, generous-hearted Robin Hood, who refused to leave helpless communities without protection from lawless bandits who masqueraded as constituted authorities. So say his new champions, who have been poring over the records.

The new Jesse James furore began (as might be expected) because of a recent biography of this singular man who, for decades after his death, furnished the ten-cent thrillers with material. The biography woke echoes in and around Kearney, Missouri, which used to be Jesse's stamping ground, and it resulted in the proposal to rear a monument to his memory in that community.

At once that fat was to fry. Robertus Love, the biographer, avows that Jesse—and his gang—have been "devilized" by flagrant misrepresentation. He easily explodes the legends about the alleged inhuman traits that appeared in Jesse's boyhood. That both Jesse and his brother, Frank James, following the Civil War, became outlaws, he admits. That they robbed stage-coaches, and raided the country-side, he admits also.

The explanation of this late turn in the career of Jesse James however is offered as proof that history has thus far done him an injustice. Jesse, if you believe his champions, wasn't a reckless bandit at all. He was the indomitable leader of a noble tho lost cause.

That a monument is "the very least beginning which we should make toward restoring a memory thus far abandoned to the lurid fancies of the thriller writers" is the opinion of one defender, whose summing up of Jesse's case in the New York *Herald Tribune* is quoted further by Mr. Powers as follows:

To understand the later career of Jesse James, it is necessary to picture the Missouri-Kansas border of Civil War days. Kansas jay-hawkers under the Union flag were making forays across the State line, shooting men who sympathized with the Southern cause, driving off horses, burning houses over the heads of women and children, and outraging civilization.

Southern men made reprisals in kind, and with good measure. Here the young Jesse James went to school and learned his lessons. It was irregular and disagreeable, but it was war.

When General Lee surrendered at Appomattox a great many young Southerners did not consider themselves demobilized. There have been such fringes of persistent belligerence at the close of all wars. Young Jesse James, full of patriotism and fight, simply refused to haul down his flag. There were bitter local grievances which the defeat of the South did not cure, and he applied himself industriously to them.

He was received gladly by hundreds of his oppressed neighbors, just as Robin Hood had been in his day. If the report of Robin Hood had depended upon accounts by King John, it would have come down to us not so glamorously, be sure of that. Elderly folk in the Missouri border counties still remember Jesse James with affection, telling how he was brought up religiously, never swore, was devoted to his family, generous to the poor, gallant in battle, honest in personal dealings. He was the hunted quarry in a war of extermination. His mother was wounded and almost killed when his pursuers bombed his home. He took the only means of self-defense left open to him.

His personal worth and heroism will shine through the romantic dirt that has been flung against him. He will appear in his true rôle as an artist who painted brilliant scenes in the pageant of our development. He will be acquitted by history of the criminal indictments and recognized as a great tragic hero.

So speak the defenders, remarks the Boston *Globe* writer; and then he goes on to quote from an unnamed Connecticut opponent, who empties these two barrels of buckshot in reply:

It seems as if we were in for a period of the glorification of famous American scoundrels. Having recently endured a series

WHY OVERLOOK ANY OF OUR BANDITS—
THE WAITER
THE ROADSIDE MECHANIC TEN MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN
CONTRIBUTIONS FOR BABY PRESENTS THE BOSS' BIRTHDAY WEDDINGS ETC.
THE HATCHECK GIRL
THE BOOT-LEGGER
SHE ALWAYS GETS HER MAN
TO THE OFFICE FIEND WHO STARTS THESE LISTS

IF THEY BUILD THAT MONUMENT TO JESSE JAMES

—Talburt in the Washington *Daily News*.

of blackenings of our national idols, has the pendulum swung, and are we now to witness a wholesale whitewashing of our national villains? Heaven forbid!

The line of demarcation between black and white, particularly among our young people, is ragged enough to-day as it is without

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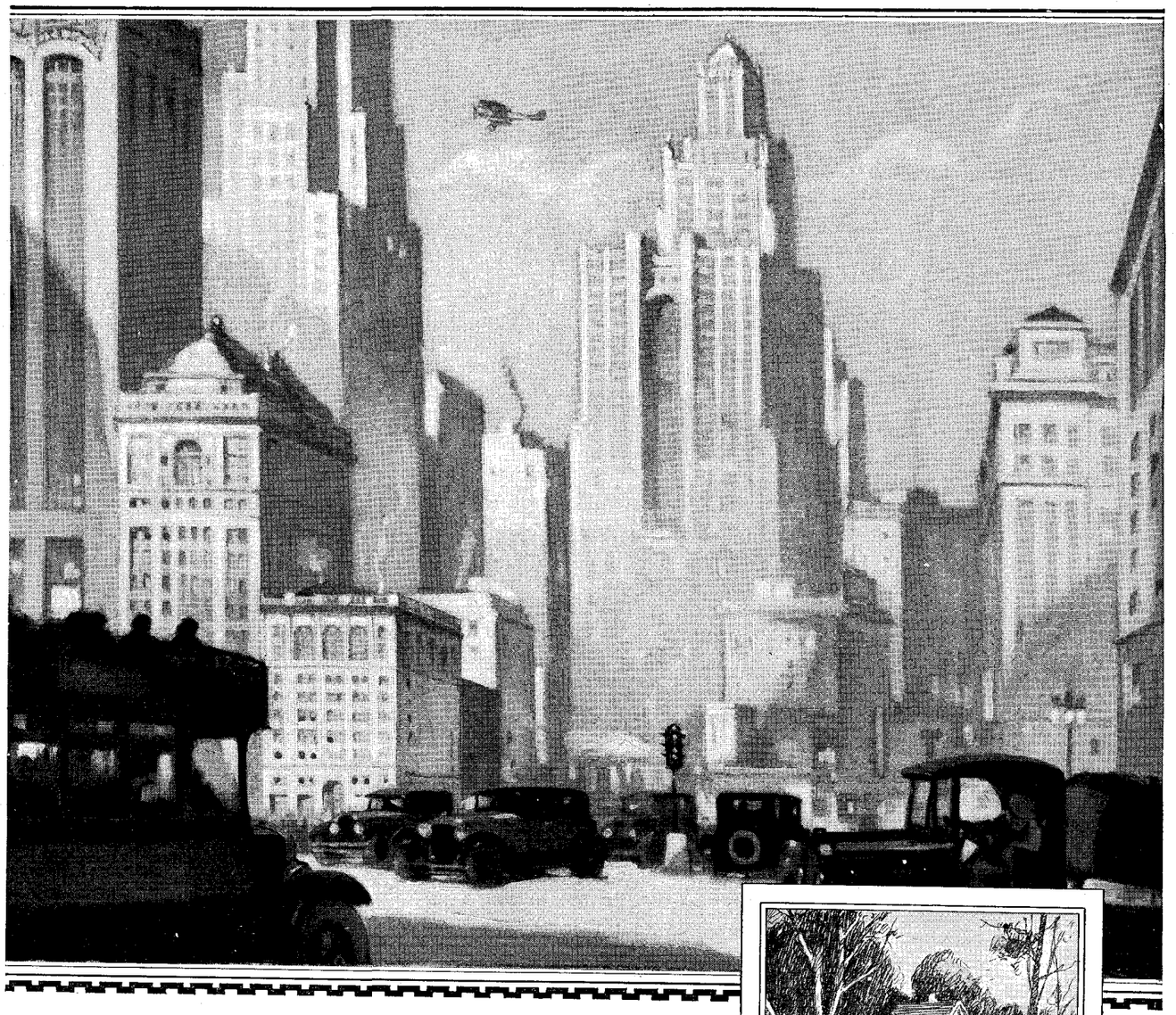
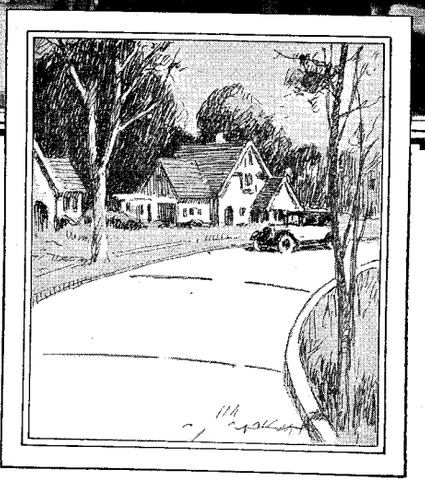
The Pavement for Congested Streets



THINK of the traffic in your town twenty years ago. Not much of a problem then, was it? But today! Times have changed and the streets of yesterday—still the streets of today—are as obsolete as a 1907 motor car. Not only must our street pavements be made wider and still wider to accommodate growing traffic volume. They must be specially designed for durability, safety and uninterrupted use.

The concrete street is modern—developed, like the concrete road, specifically for motor traffic moving on rubber instead of steel. Resilience is built into the modern vehicle. Its roadway must be rigid, maintaining an even surface under impact, wear and temperature. The concrete street meets these requirements perfectly—and it is the safest pavement wet or dry.



The clean, gray beauty of concrete streets makes them especially desirable in residential districts and for parks and boulevards. Write Portland Cement Association, Chicago, for a booklet citing the experiences of communities like yours.

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
for permanence

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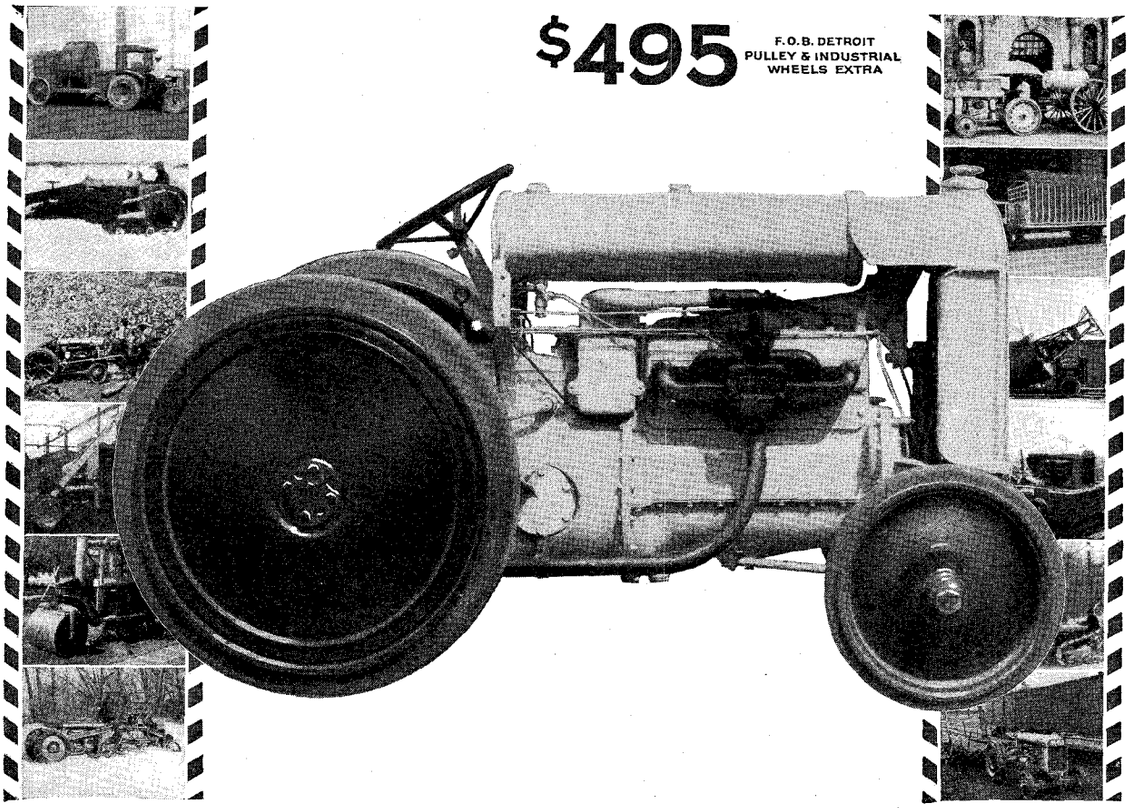
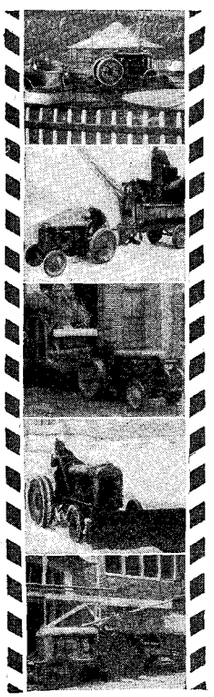


$495 F.O.B. DETROIT PULLEY & INDUSTRIAL WHEELS EXTRA

THE FORDSON



THE Fordson Industrial Power Unit is speeding up production and reducing costs throughout all industry. Its great economy, reliability and low first cost have brought about its application to numerous industrial uses.

Wherever pulling, pushing, lifting, loading or belt power are needed . . . or several of these operations required on a single job . . . the Fordson has proved invaluable.

In the industries listed below you will find a suggestion for the profitable application of Fordson power to your own power requirements.

Amusement Parks: Running and transporting amusement devices, mowing and rolling lawns and parkways.

Building Contractors: Running material elevators, mixing concrete, hauling materials, excavating, compressing air and handling heavy materials.

Building Movers: Furnishing power for moving buildings and transporting equipment.

Concrete Contractors: Running concrete mixers, loading, hauling and shoveling materials and equipment.

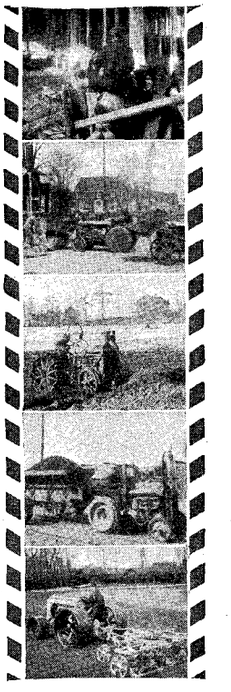
Country Estates: General road maintenance, lawn mowing and rolling, general hauling and farm work, snow removal.

Excavating Contractors: Digging excavations, ditching, backfilling, hauling dirt and transporting equipment.

Coal Dealers: Hauling, shoveling and loading coal, and shunting cars.

Golf Courses: Mowing and rolling greens and fairways, general traction work and pumping water.

House Cleaners: Furnishing power for vacuum cleaners and hauling cleaning outfit.



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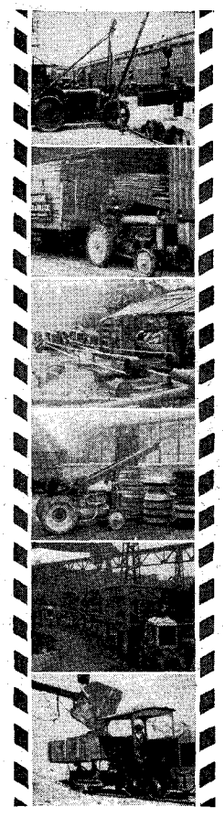


Iron and Steel Mills: Lifting and loading heavy castings, hauling trailers, interplant hauling, shunting cars, pumping, compressing air and providing emergency or permanent belt power.

Irrigation Power Plants: Power for both pumping and ditching.

Lumber Dealers: Yard loading and hauling and retail deliveries by trailer.

Lumber Mills: Fordson operates complete saw mill, or provides locomotive for heavy hauling. Runs highlines, winches, hoists and loaders.

Machine Shops: Lifting, loading and pulling heavy castings, as well as furnishing belt power for many operations when needed.

Manufacturers: Interplant hauling, lifting and loading, road hauling and general handling of heavy materials.

Merchants: Road deliveries in either wholesale or retail business by trailers.

Mines: Removal and hauling of ore with Fordson locomotive; hoisting mine cars; hauling supplies over difficult roads; removal of snow; operating air compressor.

Motion Picture Producers: Difficult hauling of heavy "properties" and scenery on the "lot" or to the "set."

Municipalities: Caring for parks, municipal golf courses, sweeping and washing streets, garbage disposal, removal of snow, and general transporting of equipment.

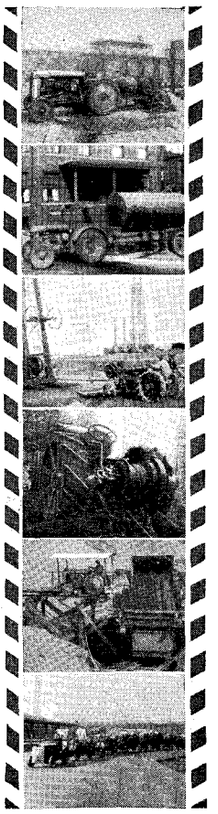
Oil Producers: Drilling and pumping wells, erecting derricks and transporting equipment.

Paving Contractors: Hauling materials, shoveling sand and gravel, crushing stone, mixing concrete, pumping water, rolling asphalt, grading, scarifying, plowing, and transporting equipment from job to job.

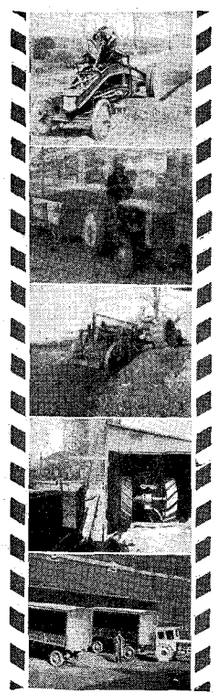
Quarries: Handling heavy stone blocks with hoists, pulling skids, road hauling of stone and equipment, compressing air.

Sand and Gravel Pits: Hoist power for drag lines, shoveling and loading gravel and sand, pumping water, road hauling.

Railroad Yards: Transferring freight, handling rails with crane, loading and unloading cars, driving piling, electric welding on a fast emergency rail repair outfit.



. . . AT WORK IN ALL INDUSTRIES



Road Contractors: Grading, shoveling, ditching, backfilling, hauling dirt, scarifying, scraping, pumping water, compressing air, crushing rock, screening gravel, rolling, loading and hauling equipment.

Stone Working Plants: Lifting, carrying and loading heavy blocks of stone, compressing air, belt power work on operations at some distance from main plant.

Subdivision Operators: Grading streets, shoveling, leveling, ditching and backfilling, pumping water, crushing rock, screening sand and gravel, plowing, mixing concrete, moving houses and hauling the materials used in paving or building.

Theaters: Hauling and handling heavy scenery.

Timber Operators: Operating high and drag lines, loading logs, pulling loads of timber as locomotive, on rails, clearing brush and snow, general road hauling of equipment.

Trucking Companies: Road hauling with trailers, loading and unloading.

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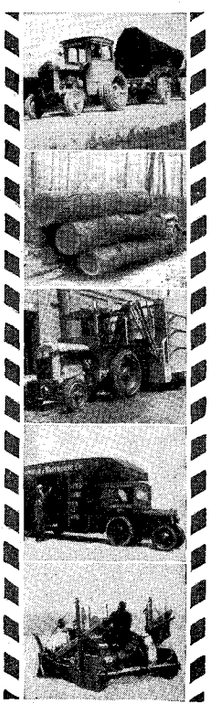

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further graying. I protest against any such disgraceful and morbid proceeding as building a monument to the train robber, Jesse James. Why this attempted sanctification, at such late date, of an enemy of society who paid a fitting penalty for his life of crime?

Jesse James was, according to all true accounts, deep-dyed, cruel, and hardened. His family suffered no more from the Civil War than did hundreds of other households located in the border country. Even if it were true that their suffering was extraordinary, was Jesse James justified in robbing hundreds of innocent people and inflicting a reign of terror on many communities, merely because of the actions of a handful of Union soldiers, who disgraced their uniforms? I believe the erection of this monument should be stopt by official action, or through an aroused public opinion.

"If we live to accept a historical vindication of Jesse James," in the opinion of the Dallas *Journal*, "we may as well take all our old ideas out of storage and prepare to junk them." The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* suggests that he is "less deserving of posthumous honors than many lawabiding residents of Missouri," but adds that if Missourians "desire at their own expense to build a mausoleum over the grassy barrow which covers the remains of Jesse James, it is their privilege to do so on any lands which they control." The New York *Sun* also treats the monument project as a local matter, and refuses to be agitated over it.

Agitation of another kind, however, seizes Eunice Fuller Barnard, who sees the favorite villain of a whole generation of boys suddenly threatened with respectability. With gentle irony she writes in the New York *Times:*

It is almost a tragedy, this snatching from childhood of one of its few clandestine joys. It is like a nightmare in which father taking the Jesse James thriller from under one's pillow, nods approvingly and says, "He was Little Rollo, after all." It is like forcing Peter Pan to grow up and go to the office every day at nine o'clock.

Yet the proposed monument is only another indication of the effort to bestow respectability on Jesse James. Just last year a serious biography of 400-odd pages was published, documenting his every movement and exploding some of his most loved exploits. A few years earlier he was given first place in a collection of lives of representative Americans, including Frances E. Willard, Admiral Dewey, and James J. Hill. So this secretly cherished outlaw is becoming a subject of historical research, and the cynosure of highbrows in their analysis of the American psychology. Soon he may be included, dates and all, in the schoolbooks. Yet no one rises to defend him from these vandal hands!

The hue and cry raised over the announcement of the monument increases. One group acclaims it as an act of justice to a martyr. Another group looks to the moral shipwreck of America in this age, when George Washington is subjected to the caustic pens of W. E. Woodward and Rupert Hughes, while a notorious bandit is commemorated in bronze.

For a younger generation to whom Jesse James is a kind of eternal verity—the super-train-robber, just as Sherlock Holmes is the super-detective—it is hard to realize that he was and still is a moral issue and that he might be living to-day, a man eighty years old.

Fully half of his alleged robberies, the same writer says, were committed within a hundred miles of his home at Kearney, where he was born, where his mother continued to live, and where he frequently returned to see her. We read further:

Now he and his masked band were pointing their Colt 44s at a stage-coach in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Now their blood-curdling guerrilla yell of Civil War days echoed through a bank in Columbia, Kentucky. Now they snatched the strong-box with its $10,000 gate receipts from the door-keeper at the Kansas City Fair. And every time save one they galloped away from the midst of hundreds, without trace, in the full glare of day. To the police then, as well as later to the readers of the dime thrillers, Jesse James was a figure of magic. They never had a picture by which to identify him and no dependable description of his features.

He was, as his biographer Robertus Love has pointed out, presumably the American inventor both of the daylight bank robbery and of the train hold-up. Yet, like most inventors, he must have realized comparatively little from his product.

Computing the sum of his possible loot from contemporary figures culled by Mr. Love, the net result seems to be but $200,000 in sixteen years, each haul divided with from two to thirteen confederates. This would be a rough average of $1,500 a year apiece. Even in a time when money was worth much more than now one could do as well as that in a college professorship—without the risk. One is almost inclined to agree with his apologists that he must have taken up banditry as a last resort.

He was a highly respectable married man. He did not smoke or drink. He rarely curst, and certainly never in the presence of what he would doubtless have termed the fair sex. He robbed and shot and plundered, as matrons now swim the English Channel, "for the kiddies." It seems almost a desecration that his name should be commercially perpetuated on a cheap cigar.

Here follows the legend of the widow and the mortgage, over which all his biographers gloat. The widow was fair and of Confederate sympathies, and the sum varies between $1,400 and smaller sums, but the point remains the same. Mrs. Barnard tells it thus:

Dining one day with this lady, whose husband had been a member of this Civil War guerrilla band, James noticed tears in her eyes. The mortgage on her house, it developed, was to be foreclosed that very day, and she and her small children would be homeless.

As quick as thought James whipt out the requisite number of bills from the stock acquired in a recent hold-up and handed them to her across the kitchen table. They were a gift, not a loan, he said. She must pay them to the skinflint mortgage-holder this afternoon, and be sure to get a receipt. He even made her draw up a receipt form ready for signature. By the way, he inquired, at what time would this man be coming? How did he look? And what kind of rig did he drive?

Late that afternoon as this Scrooge was driving homeward with the widow's money snug in his wallet, an armed figure suddenly sprang from the dusky roadside, with the cry of "Hands up!" In an instant Jesse James, who had paid the mortgage, had his money back again.

"I give this," explains his son, Jesse James, Jr., in a biography of his father, "as an example of what desperate chances Jesse James would take to aid the widow of a comrade in distress."

On another occasion, in the stage hold-up at Hot Springs, one of the passengers was recognized as a Confederate soldier, and had his watch and wallet restored to him. "We never rob Southerners," explained one of the band, thought to have been Cole Younger; "especially Confederate soldiers we hold exempt." This defense, still made on the bandits' behalf, is notoriously weak in view of the known facts, Mr. Love points out in his biography. For all but four of the bank and train robberies of the gang were in Southern States, and the outlaws were rarely known to inquire into the place of residence or the views of their victims. The *Times* writer adds:

It must be admitted, however, that Jesse James had some grounds for resentment against life in general and, perhaps, Northerners in particular. He was born at the beginning of a troublous time at one of the most troublous spots in America—on September 5, 1847, in Missouri, near the Kansas border, not far from Kansas City. His almost equally famous brother Frank preceded him into the world by four years. Their father, who had emigrated from Kentucky, preached to two congregations on Sunday and farmed during the week to support his growing family. His mother, who had been Miss Zerelda Cole, a Kentucky woman, was courageous both in act and speech. Indeed, some of the early writers treat her rather harshly as a shrew.

Before Jesse was four years old his father suddenly determined to quit both gospel and farm and go to seek the family fortune in California, where within a few weeks the Rev. Mr. James sickened and died.

A few years later Mrs. James, who was no longer a "coy, blushing maiden to be wooed and won by the sweet blandishments of love," nevertheless married a Dr. Samuel, a physician, also from Kentucky. The James children and their half-brothers and sisters stayed and grew up in Kearney, in the ominous shadow of the Civil War.

When it came they were already inured to raiding and plunder. Across the border from Kansas came bands of Jayhawkers or Red Legs—Abolitionists who carried off Missouri slaves. Meanwhile, the Missouri border ruffians returned the compliment by counter raids into free Kansas. When the war broke out these bands enlarged into regiments of guerrilla fighters. One of these in Missouri was called Quantrell's band, named after their noted desperado leader. This band, Frank James, Jesse's older brother, joined.

Experiences that embittered the life of Jesse James followed

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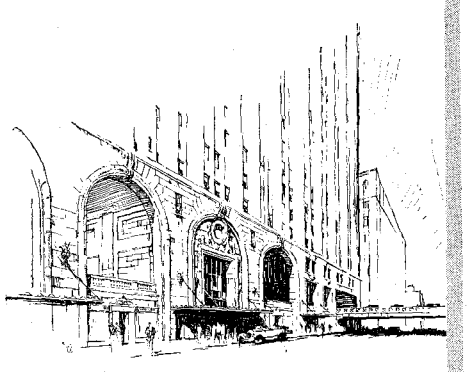

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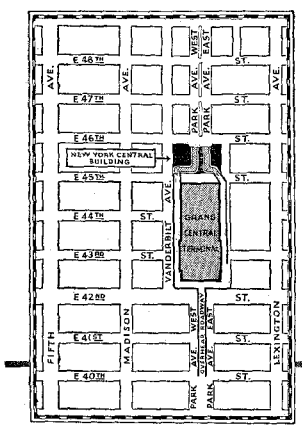

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

swiftly, we are told. The narrative continues:

One day in 1863, while Jesse was still at home plowing, Northern regulars came to the Samuel farm, demanding the whereabouts of Quantrell. Believing that the doctor knew more than he would tell, and that the family was at any rate notorious in its Secessionist sympathies, the soldiers drove the doctor at the point of the bayonet to a tree. There they bound him, strung him up by a rope, and left him for dead. But Mrs. Samuel, so one story goes, cut him down and revived him.

Meanwhile, the soldiers had found Jesse and had given him a sound lashing with a rope-end as he ran between his furrows. When he got home his back was gashed with bleeding welts.

The boy was only fifteen, round-faced and blue-eyed, but his mind was made up. He, too, would join Quantrell's guerrillas. He did, and fought as well as any man. On one occasion with four comrades he is said to have killed fifty-two men. But he was wounded most painfully, in the right lung. When the war was nearly over he, with a few of his troop, bore a white flag to a Northern camp to surrender. As they were marching out, some soldiers suddenly attacked them, and Jesse was shot again in the same lung. The Northern commander sent him to his mother.

The next year the bank robberies began, and they continued at the rate of two or three a year. We read:

At the first, in the town of Liberty, a dozen miles from their home, in February, 1866, the local bank was held up in broad daylight, an innocent bystander killed, and $72,000 taken. The James family asserted that Jesse could have had no part in this, as his wound at that time kept him in bed.

By October the bank in Lexington had been robbed, and a few months later an armed posse came to capture Jesse James at his home. Jesse, rising from a sick-bed, fired at them through the door. While they retired for reinforcements, their quarry fled. From that time on he was a hunted man, living in various parts of the country under various names, but never recognized, never captured. Indeed he was never positively identified as a member of the hold-up gangs he was supposed to lead until 1876, altho his horse was captured at the scene of a robbery in 1869.

None of his band was killed or taken for the first ten years, and when finally six were done for at one blow, it was not in their home State of Missouri, where they chiefly worked, but in the unfamiliar Minnesota country, where they had gone to hold up a bank at Northfield. Even here the James brothers came off scot-free.

The year before Pinkerton agents were accused of taking a brutal revenge on the Jameses for the killing of one of their force. At the Samuel home at night a lighted bomb was thrown through the kitchen window. As luck would have it, Jesse and Frank were not at home, and the bomb killed their eight-year-old half-brother, Archie, and blew off their mother's right arm. All through these years the story seems to describe a private war between the Pinkertons and the Jameses, with little government interference.

When Jesse was killed six years later, ending a man-hunt that had lasted sixteen years, it was neither the Pinkertons nor the police but a traitor in his own ranks who was the slayer. The *Times* writer tells it briefly thus:

In April, 1882, in spite of the price of $10,000 the Governor had put on his capture, Jesse was living with his wife and family, under the nose of the police, in a cottage in St. Joseph, Missouri. With him were staying the Ford brothers, one of whom had been a trusted member of his band for several months.

After breakfast one day the Fords and James were alone in the living-room. Jesse put his hand to his head. "It's an awfully hot day," he said, and took off his coat and vest. Then he unbuckled the belt that held his two revolvers and laid them on the bed.

A few minutes later he picked up a brush and stept on a chair to dust off a picture of a favorite horse, which, with the exception of the motto "God Bless Our Home," was the only ornament of the room. The Fords looked at each other. It was the chance for which they had long been waiting. Both drew their guns and in another instant Jesse James was on the floor with a bullet through his skull.

The ghastly humor in the thought of a monument to Jesse James or any of his gang would never occur to his friends and neighbors in Kearney, remarks George H. Cunningham in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Their funny-bone lies in a different spot, he says, continuing:

The James gang could never have existed as it did were it not for the shelter and help given to it by the residents in the region between Kearney, Independence, St. Joseph, and Kansas City. The James boys were heroes to them, and that was one element in the favor shown them. Another was pure expediency and discretion. Any one who had failed to give such help as was needed, to say nothing of showing open antagonism, would have had swift reason to regret it.

At. St. Genevieve—or is it St. Mary's?—the old-time hotel porch is pointed out where a contemplative citizen was sitting as the James gang galloped past after a raid on the local bank in the early '80s, and they will tell of the wanton shots fired at that same citizen in the hope that one would reach him and prevent any attempt on his part to identify ether the individuals or their horses. Such a tale would be greeted with a grin at Kearney.

Concerning Frank James a tale is told as coming from an old farmer near St. Joseph, where Democracy has all the sanctity of a religious creed. The old man was reminiscing one day somewhat along this line: "Yes, I knowed them James boys when they were just boys sure enough, and I knowed them when they growed up. They wasn't bad fellers, but Frank James sure did disappoint me. I would never have believed it of him if I didn't ackchally know it myself. After he was pardoned he settled down and 'lowed he wuz goin' to be respectable fur the rest of his life. I never knowed Frank James to say anything he didn't mean, and when he did go to live in Kearney, I thought he wuz goin' to do as he said sure enough. And yit spite of all he said and spite of all we spected of him, durned if he didn't go and vote the Republican ticket!"

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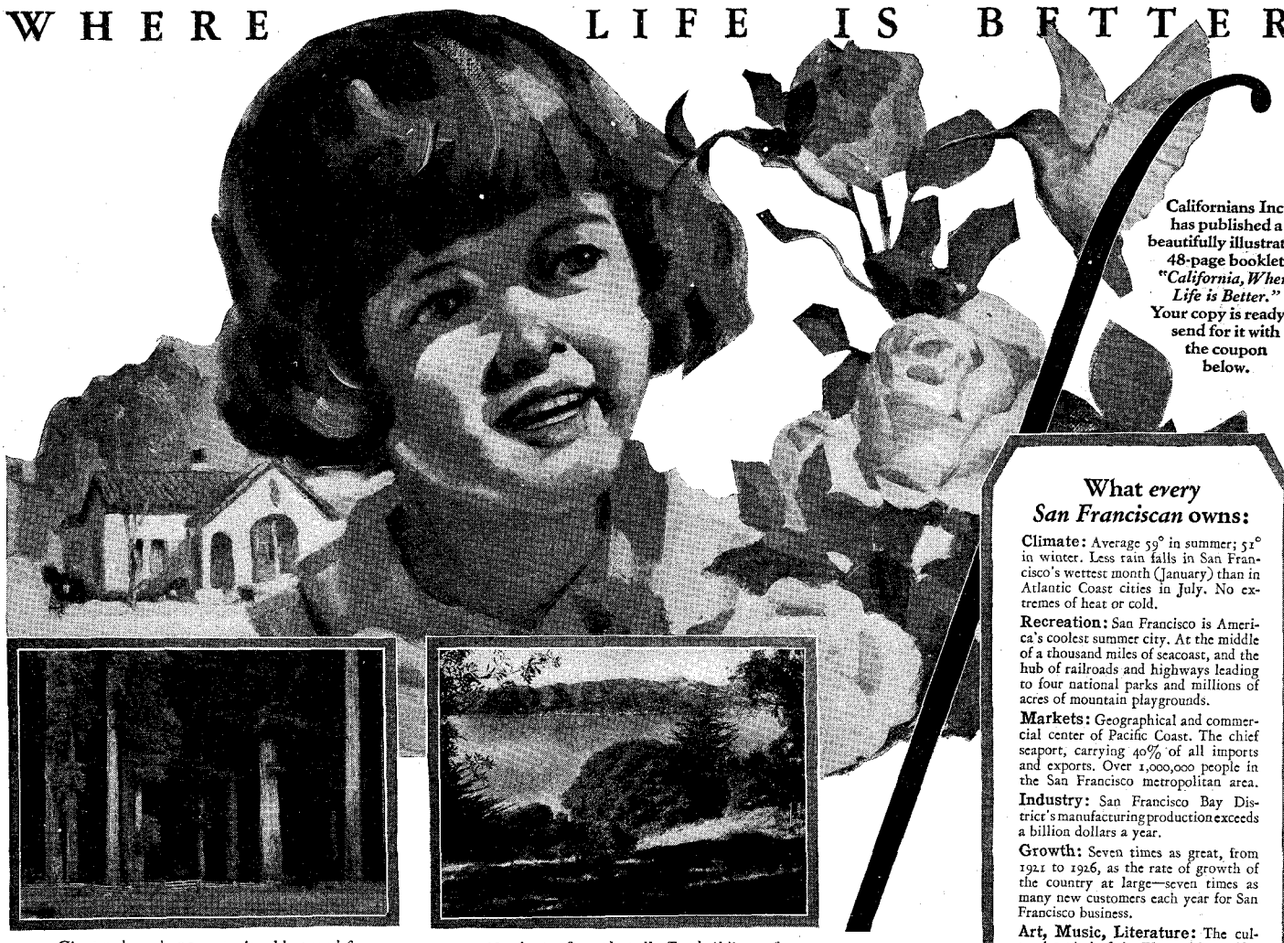

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THE AMERICAN SUPER-GIRL AND HER CRITICS

CRAWLING out on the plane's tail, when its wings had become dangerously weighted with ice, Ruth Elder risked sudden death to restore the equilibrium of the *American Girl* until the lucky moment when she and her pilot, George Haldeman, could alight on the ocean within reach of rescuing hands. How they did eventually alight and were hauled aboard the Dutch tanker *Barendrecht*, was chronicled in every daily paper, and now we present additional details of that exciting episode, together with fresh impressions of the vivacious young aviatrix's personality, and a flood of comment which seems to establish her as one of the most scolded and most observed young women of her time. While the world heaved a sigh of relief at her rescue, and paid due tribute to her incomparable daring, the editorial attitude of protest continues to be manifest both in this country and abroad. "A woman had no business to attempt such a flight," declares Joseph Devlin's newspaper, *The Irish News* (Belfast), adding that it was "perfectly ridiculous to read of this young person's chatter, of her preparations for the event—her vanity bag, Chinese ring, knickers, black-and-red four-in-hand tie, and pastel-shaded band over dark brown hair—and to remember that she was going to risk her life just to gratify her stupid vanity." Reminding its readers that Ruth Elder is a married woman, *The News* adds: "Her husband wisely remained at home. If Ruth has any sense left she will join him now and keep house for him." Turning to the report that other women are planning the transatlantic flight, this critic suggests that they be taken home by their relatives, and ungallantly advocates the disciplinary use of "a slight rod to tame their ardent spirits," concluding:

"Men in the summer may strive to equal Lindbergh. Women should stay at home."

In cheery contrast to these misogynistic views is the acknowledgment of the New York *Sun* that Ruth elder "ought to be happy," because, "having had the luck of Harry Hawker, she was picked up at sea"; and now—

Acme photograph

"FELIX THE CAT" ALSO FLEW

Miss Elder's cherished mascot is here seen in her arms, prior to the *American Girl's* take-off.

She has to her credit the longest flight made entirely over water, beating the Pacific flyers by about 200 miles. Evidently it was due to no fault of hers as a pilot that the *American Girl* was forced down. She will rank with the most daring flyers of this year of aerial wonders.

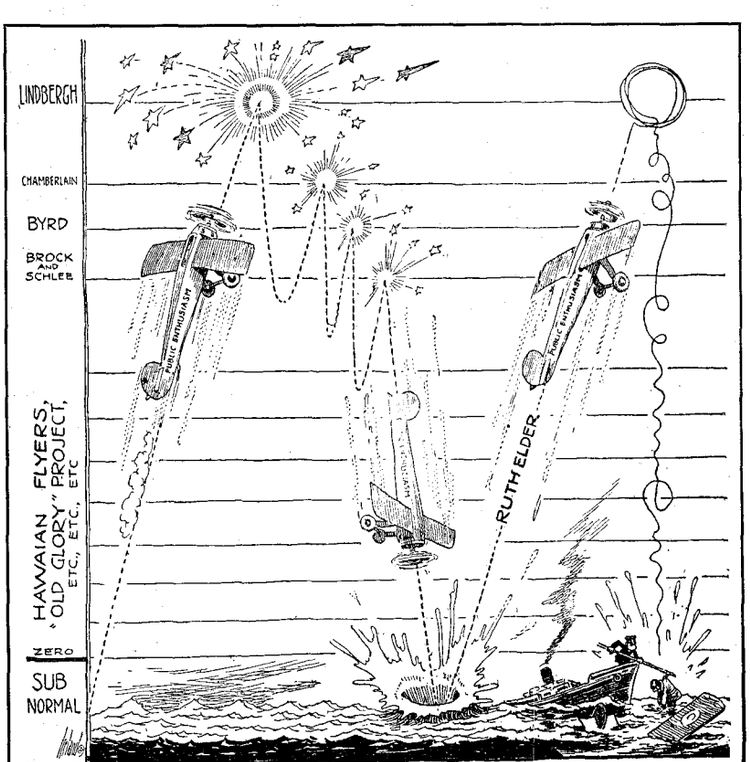
Gleaning in the sky field behind Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd, and other heroes, this Ruth has gathered enough to satisfy any reasonable person. Some Boaz may well say to her: "Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens." In other words, the public admiration for ocean hoppers is badly shot with apprehension. We have had enough tragedy in the ocean flights of 1927. Let this comedy of Ruth close the season.

The sprightly heroine, who vows that she "likes to live"—and who wants everybody to know it—saved her famous lipstick, we learn from a New York *World* correspondent at Horta, Island of Fayal, Azores, but "lost her powder puff in the excitement." Reading on:

"Naturally we're disappointed at our failure to make Paris," she said, "and at the loss of our plane, but we really thought we had every chance of succeeding until the oiling system went wrong. You can imagine our relief when we sighted the *Barendrecht*, and the engine kept running until we reached her and knew she had sighted us."

Captain Goos of the *Barendrecht*, whose braided cap Miss Elder was wearing jauntily on her brown curls in lieu of the helmet she had lost at the beginning of the flight, gave a terse but thrilling account of the rescue at sea as soon as he could tear himself away from a mob of of photographers, who swarmed all over the boat, demanding pose after pose of him and the flyers.

"It was 7:45 Thursday morning," he said, "that we sighted the *American Girl*. She came rapidly up to us and flying over the ship threw down two messages. One fell in the sea, but the other landed on deck. 'How far are



THE CHART READING ON OUR AVIATION FEVER

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

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It produces a rich, lustrous surface that concedes nothing to the finest enamel in beauty—yet costs less and requires fewer coats.

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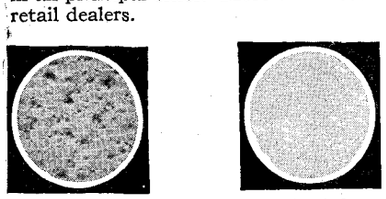

Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint — Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

Barreled Sunlight
Reg U S. Pat Off.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

we from land and which way?' it asked. There was a dash and the name Ruth Elder.

"After a quick check on our position as 43.21 north latitude and 21.39 west longitude we painted on the deck while the plane circled about us 'True South 40, West, 360 miles from Terceira, Azores.'

"This was understood by the aviators, and after a few more circles, their plane, underneath the wings and on the tail of which we had seen the markings NX-1384, began to descend and landed alongside our ship. Miss Elder and her companion climbed out on top of the wing.

"A boat was put overside and rushed to their aid. It stood alongside the foundering plane until the two aviators, by means of ropes thrown to them, managed to get aboard and were brought safely to the *Barendrecht*.

"On learning their position, Miss Elder and Captain Haldeman had decided it was impossible to continue their flight because their oil pressure had dropt to five pounds [normal pressure for the Wright Whirlwind motor is about fifty to sixty pounds, according to the manufacturers] two hours before and they had expected it to stop at any time. At their request arrangements were made to hoist the airplane on deck.

"Lines had hardly been made fast when there were two explosions in the submerged cabin of the plane which sent a geyser of burning gasoline to the surface. In a moment the whole machine was on fire and we were obliged to cut the ropes and cast off, abandoning all hope of saving the plane lest we lose our own ship.

"We then changed our course and made for Horta to land the flyers. Both seemed pretty well in spite of the ordeal through which they had passed, but they were glad to get a good sleep." [Miss Elder was given Captain Goos's cabin on the *Barendrecht*.]

Both the makers of Miss Elder's motor and the Stinson monoplane which carried them on their 2,600-mile overwater flight, were at a loss to account for the explosions which set the *American Girl* on fire, adds *The World* in a local note, which continues:

The opinion was exprest yesterday, however, by Hector Alexander, mechanic in charge of the Fokker monoplane *Old Glory* until she started her ill-starred flight to Rome, that the plane was destroyed by the carbid flares carried by Haldeman as a means of determining drift at sea.

Similar aids to navigation were included in the equipment of the *Old Glory* and were tested by her crew before they started. The carbid flares are thrown overboard in flight and burst into flames immediately on striking the water, being visible by day or night. It is Alexander's belief that one of the flares generated an explosive gas in the submerged cabin, and that the detonations followed, rupturing the gas-tanks and setting the plane on fire.

Supplementing the Dutch skipper's account of the rescue, we read in a New York *Herald Tribune* dispatch:

The crew of the *Barendrecht*—typically phlegmatic Dutch sailors who seemed unaware of the world-wide interest in the rescue in which they had participated—had learned, however, that lipsticks were in no wise incompatible with heroism. The story they told in their matter-of-fact way was one of a girl who could face the icy waters of the Atlantic and at the same time plead that her companion be rescued before she was saved.

When the plane, a land craft with no provisions for landing on water, came down on the ocean near the *Barendrecht*, Miss Elder and Haldeman scrambled out on the two wings. Miss Elder had had time to don her non-sinkable suit, but Haldeman still wore only his flying togs. The crew shouted to them, asking if they could swim. They replied that they could not. The crew prepared to throw out a line.

Miss Elder, seeing them, shouted a demand that the first line go to Haldeman, explaining that her suit would keep her afloat, while he would go down. The sailors immediately threw out two lines and brought them aboard simultaneously.

The momentous news that Miss Elder has refused a hair-cut and intends to let her bob grow is conveyed in a later Associated Press dispatch, which further gives this account of the young woman's debated exploit in crawling to the tail of the plane:

The flyers had been driving their plane, even then slowed down by a defective oil line, through a sleet storm. The tail of the plane, on which a heavy coating of sleet had formed, became too heavy for the machine to be kept on even keel.

Something had to be done to right this. There was some gasoline stored in the tail of the plane—a reserve supply to be used in an emergency. Haldeman and Miss Elder consulted each other regarding what should be done. They decided the reserve supply of gasoline would have to be jettisoned. They then took turns at the stick while one or the other crawled along the icy fuselage of the plane and threw overboard some of the reserve supply.

Miss Elder took her turn at crawling along the fuselage without a tremor, it was related, and, this chore accomplished, returned to do her shift at the stick.

The French, after preparing a luxurious boudoir for Miss Elder's reception at Le Bourget airport, suddenly lost interest in her adventures, according to a Paris cable of the A. P., when they read reports of preparations to exploit her fame for tempting profits in the publishing and cinema fields. An A. P. correspondent in Berlin cables:

Ruth Elder's exploit, however plucky, finds but grudging favor in a portion of the German press. Thus *Zwoelf Uhr Blatt* has an article emptying its vials of wrath upon this type of "American super-girl" who "in overweening presumptuousness imagines all the world and powers of nature are hers to command."

Miss Elder's course is also described as mere foolhardiness and "crazy sensationalism" and her purpose as not to advance the science of aviation, but to pose as "the pluckiest girl in the world," who knows no restraint and compels success in everything she undertakes.

"She has done her share to confirm her countrymen in the idea—if that were possible—that the *American Girl* is the supreme effort of creation," the article says sarcastically in conclusion.

Such flights should not be attempted at this stage of aviation, says the New York

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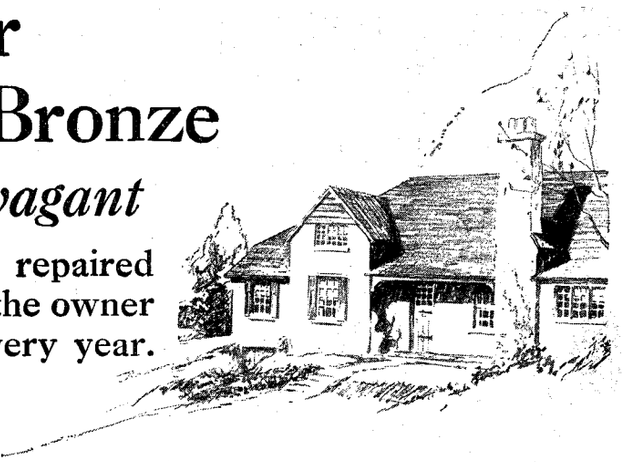
Substitutes for Copper, Brass and Bronze

are costly—*yes, extravagant*

Iron rusts day by day—it must be repaired and replaced. Rust-proofing saves the owner of an average house about $57 every year.



RUST may not be as spectacular a destroyer of the home as fire, but it is certainly more stealthy. And it costs the nation more than fire every year.

To install substitutes for copper, brass and bronze costs you money and contentment.

Rust-proofing is an economy and a liberation from worry.

Leaky gutters, rain-pipes and flashings must be constantly repaired and periodically replaced, both expensive.

Anaconda Copper can't rust. It lasts—no one knows how long. Numerous early Colonial houses have perfect installations to this day, ready for additional years of service.

Iron or steel, even if painted or coated, is subject to rust. It simply can't last.

Leaky gutters and flashings cause wood to rot, often weakening your structure at vital places, as at eaves and sills. Rust stains discolor paint.

* * * *

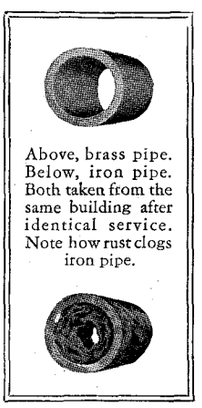
Inside the house, too, rust is an enemy. In the walls and floors are concealed water pipes.

They can be a menace or a satisfaction. Which for *you?*

Iron pipes rust and clog. Sometimes burst! Soggy ceilings fall on furniture. Cellars are flooded. Expense! An annoying mess!

Anaconda Brass Pipe can't rust. It stays in perfect condition.

Anaconda Brass Pipe insures a clear, full flow of pure water. Rusted iron pipe means a mere trickle of red water—a danger signal!



Above, brass pipe. Below, iron pipe. Both taken from the same building after identical service. Note how rust clogs iron pipe.

To put in brass pipe means you can forget it. To put in iron pipe means you must replace it or endure the consequences.

* * * *

Iron or steel screens are a spring-time nuisance. Overhauling and painting are expensive.

Bronze (strengthened copper) can't rust, can't sag. No mid-summer holes appear, bidding welcome to flies.

Iron screens, even if painted, cost more in a few years than bronze screens. At best, iron or steel screens are a compromise, a makeshift.

Screens of Anaconda Bronze are an accepted economy, agreed upon by countless home-owners.

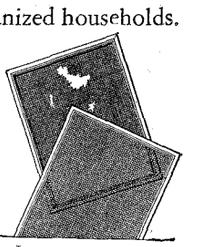
* * * *

Rust-proofing is a modern economy, based on years of proved facts. Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze cost nowadays a mere fraction more than substitutes. The difference is quickly absorbed.

House-owners throughout the land now realize the extravagance of metals which rust. Notice everywhere the increasing use of Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze. Not only in new construction, but in replacements.

If yours is an average house, you save $57 a year by rust-proofing. You save yourself from sudden mental upsets and disorganized households.

Thousands of homes and structures are being rust-proofed the Anaconda way. You should know all the facts



Iron screens rust—Bronze screens last indefinitely

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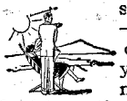

Here in Albuquerque winter days are warm with the Southern sun; yet summers are cooled by the restful shade and crisp nights of a plateau five thousand feet high. You'll live out-of-doors all the mild winter through, and cuddle under blankets every night of July and August.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

World, "without compelling reason or without the most thorough preparation." Concerning the commercial feature of the affair, the New York *Morning Telegraph* remarks:

The world loves real sportsmanship, and especially does it applaud when those of the feminine family are victorious. But when they plan a feat, risking human lives, and then seek to make of it a money-getting scheme, the public grows suspicious and ridicules the so-called heroism.

Miss Elder is a charming and worthy American girl. She did what few girls of her tender years would attempt, and she is deserving of the rewards that usually are paid heroes and heroines by an appreciative public. The "business" part of her flight, however, has not added to her valor.

"I like to live" is Ruth Elder's own summing-up of her attitude toward aerial adventure, according to a New York *Evening World* writer, who tells us further:

Her aviation laurels were bright when she took off for Paris. First, Ruth Elder had learned to fly and to fly well. Aviators have been unstinting in her praise in this respect. Indeed, it was because she was a splendid pilot that she was accorded the honor of being the only American girl elected to membership in the Quiet Birdmen, the secret order of flying men to which all aviators aspire. The only other woman "Q. B." is Thea Rasche, the spectacular German stunt-flyer.

Miss Elder took her flying lessons in Florida from George W. Haldeman, the same man who shared the cockpit with her on the long hop to Europe.

In order to be accredited as copilot of the *American Girl* it was necessary for Miss Elder to pass a pilot's test and obtain a license. She met all the requirements and then gave an exhibition over Curtiss Field which won the admiration of all who saw it.

Little was known of Ruth Elder when she arrived a few weeks ago.

"I'm going to fly across the Atlantic just as soon as the weather is right," she said. "What difference does it make whether people think I'm going to try it or not? I know I am."

In those days of skepticism, Miss Elder did not like to talk about herself. She was willing to tell the essential facts. She was twenty-three, born in Anniston, Alabama, where her mother, Mrs. Sarah Elder, still resides. She had an average education and attended a business college, and was an assistant in a dentist's office in Lakeland, Florida, "on her own."

She had come as Ruth Elder, and at first she insisted she was single. Then she admitted her marriage, but said she wished to use her maiden name.

"There really isn't much to tell," she said, with a pleasant smile, when asked to talk about herself. "You know, I'm just like any other girl of twenty-three. I like to live, and I like fun, and one day when I saw a plane flying over Lakeland I thought to myself, 'that's living; that's fun.' So I made up my mind I wanted to learn to fly.

"Then I met George (George Haldeman), and after some persuasion I induced him to teach me to fly. I was thrilled by

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WHEN YOU ARE ABROAD

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Illustrated with private photographs and facsimiles of social forms. 630 pages. 6 x 9 inches in size. Cloth $4, net; flexible leather, gold-edge paper, $7.50, net; postage, 18c extra.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York

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aviation from the first moment that I stept in a plane.

"When Lindbergh reached Paris, I thought it was great, and I made up my mind that I would be the first woman to make the trip. I knew I couldn't do it alone, but I was determined to go as a co-pilot, not as a passenger.

"Some business men of Wheeling, West Virginia, whom I met through friends, became interested in my project and they agreed to back me. It was all for the glory of Wheeling. George and I looked around and we decided that the Stinson-Detroiter plane was the best we could get, with a Wright Whirlwind motor, so we ordered an ordinary Stinson-Detroiter, only specifying that they put in a big gas-tank in place of a passenger compartment. That's the story."

One friend, who was in her confidence, asked her one day why she was determined to fly to Europe. The reply, which she gave in a serious way, left no doubt of the thought behind her words, and is an indication of character somewhat at variance with Miss Elder's flair for flashy flying costumes, orange rouge and carmined lips. In appearance she is a typical flapper. In her answer to the question she was a shrewd and thoughtful woman.

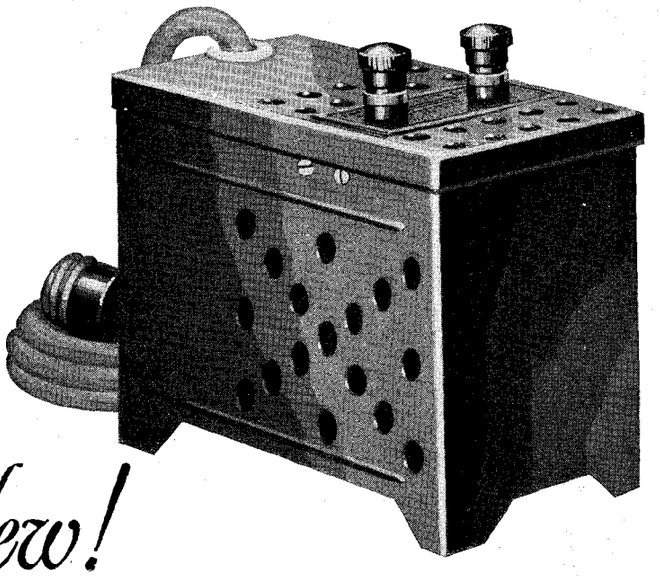
"I know that it is a long chance," she said. "But think of what I'll have if I get there! I'll have everything. I'll be made. And think what I'll get away from (the routine of a dentist's office). I think it is worth the chance. If I win, then I'm on top. If I lose—well (with a shrug of her shoulders), I have lived, and that's that."

WHERE BLACK MEN LOOK DOWN ON CIVILIZED WHITES

POOR, weak creatures, spoiled by civilization—such we all are in the opinion of the Djukas or bush negroes of Dutch Guiana. The wisest and sturdiest white man is an inferior mortal, they contend, and cite as proof the fact that he is helpless under the tropic bush conditions amid which they thrive. He can not travel, he can not live, without the help of the Djukas when he comes among them.

The Djukas are the only blacks in North or South America who have adapted African culture to American conditions, according to Dr. Morton C. Kahn, of New York, who recently returned from a scientific expedition to Dutch Guiana on the east coast of South America, and who has many interesting things to tell of this proud black race. The Djukas, we are told, revolted in 1750 from the Dutch planters, whose slaves they had been, and have maintained their independence and their African culture for nearly two centuries. According to Dr. Kahn, the Djukas have the artistic instinct more highly developed than any other race, and tho his main object was to study parasites of tropical diseases for the Cornell Medical School and the American Museum of Natural History, he brought back a remarkable collection of art objects—household utensils, personal decorations, and weapons. The first of its kind in this country.

The collection consists mainly of highly artistic wood-carvings. The Djukas, we



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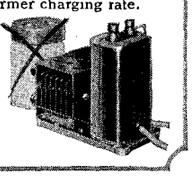

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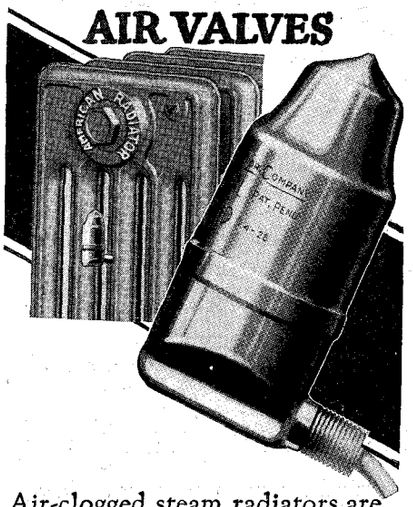

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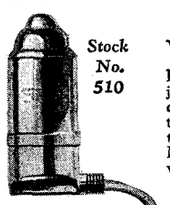

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

are told, decorate everything they use. Even their paddles for stirring pots of meat stew are finely shaped and delicately engraved with designs imported from Africa by their ancestors, who were brought over as slaves two centuries ago. To a New York *Times* reporter Dr. Kahn said:

Many revolters were sons and grandsons of slaves and had lost their African culture. Others were new arrivals from Africa who still had a strong grasp on the customs, social organization and artistic technique of the African tribes to which they belonged. From the designs or decoration motifs which exist to-day in the Djuka handicraft their relation to tribes on the Gold Coast, Guinea Coast, and Slave Coast in Africa can be traced.

One hundred and seventy-seven years after their revolt the Djukas are still absolutely independent and control the main waterways into the interior of Dutch Guiana, but maintain friendly relations with the Dutch authorities.

Dr. Kahn said that their social organization was a matriarchy—descent being traced and property inherited through the mother only.

In order to win a wife, said Dr. Kahn, a man must show ability in artistically decorating kitchen utensils, household objects, and articles of personal decoration. A woman judges a man's eligibility as a suitor largely by his power to turn out beautiful wood-carving. The social organization, in which the mother is the head of the family, was brought over from Africa. After winning a wife, a man must continue his output of highly adorned domestic articles, or he will lose her. All she has to do is to show the council of the tribe that the husband is not doing his part, and she divorces him.

On the other hand, polygamy is practised. An exceptionally rapid workman and successful hunter may maintain two or more wives. It seems probable the artistic instinct of this people has been cultivated by the social organization which requires the men to please the women with a continuous production of handsome domestic objects. Ordinary spoons and pot-stirrers are carved with an elaboration that requires weeks of work and accomplish their utilitarian purpose no better than an ordinary stick of wood. I have specimens of pot-stirrers, not only finely carved, but cleverly inlaid with hardwood.

The Djukas are very proud of their political independence, we are told, and of the fact that they are in no way indebted to the whites. The white man has nothing that they need. They use a few shotguns and a little cloth, some tobacco and candy, but they do not absolutely depend on anything the white man has; whereas the white man, they point out, is so weak and dependent that he soon dies in their country unless they help him. We read further:

They have their villages above the cataracts of the three rivers which they control—the Surinam, the Saramaccan, and the Marawyne. The cataracts act as fortifications. There is no other way of entering their country except by these rivers. They look down on the blacks of the Dutch towns whom they call "buckrashlaff"—"buckra" meaning white and "shlaff" meaning slaves.

Their feeling of superiority is based also on their word-of-mouth literature of the revolution of 1750. They have maintained in this way a sort of saga in which the names of the leaders, the chief battles, stories of magic protection against the white man's bullets and various incidents are preserved. The war stories are told in a literary or ceremonial language, which is composed very largely of African words, more or less modified. This language they call "deepy-talkee," and that means just what it sounds like—"deep talk." The language of their war epic differs greatly from their common speech, which is called "talkee-talkee" and is a mixture of African, Dutch, French, and English, all very greatly modified. This confused language reflects the polyglot condition in Dutch Guiana in the eighteenth century when Paramaribo was a port of great importance.

The Djuka history begins with the story of their rebellion. The national memory apparently does not contain any recollection of their African origin. They know nothing of Africa. The white man's side of the story of the great slave rebellion of 1750 and the succeeding years is told in two volumes by Captain Stedman, an English mercenary, who fought on the Dutch side.

Dr. Kahn says he got along very well with the Djukas in spite of their tendency to regard him as an inferior. Once, however, he came near to getting into serious difficulties. He says:

I trained my camera on a native girl whose chest was beautified in an elaborate pattern according to the custom of the women of cutting their flesh and rubbing in charcoal, which has the effect of raising or embossing the skin. She became hysterical and terribly frightened. There was a great outery and much indignation. It seemed that they understood the use of the camera and were in great terror of it because of their theory that, when one's image has been recorded on a film, the photographer has power of life and death over the subject. My guide pleaded my innocence very strongly and mollified them, but after that I put the camera away.

You can not travel in that country without their good-will. If you make a bad impression on one village, they telegraph the news up the river, by means of their signal drums, that you are not all you should be. A man who has received an ill report on the drums will find that the people in the next village will not trade with him or do anything for him.

I found them not anxious to trade anyway. They sold me things more as a favor than anything else, because my guide explained how far I had come for them and how much their workmanship was to be admired. I paid for everything with tobacco leaves. They like candy, but will not accept it as money, feeling that it is something that must be thrown in extra as a bonus.

It is a curious thing that these people who work so hard to achieve artistic effects on common things give very little effort to making their gods. The only ill-made objects about their villages were their gods. I found that this was not accidental or due to religious indifference, but to a firmly held doctrine that religion should come from within and should not be stimulated by exterior objects.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

THE BLESSINGS OF CHEMICAL WARFARE

POISONOUS gas as used in warfare is "a blessing, not a curse," and makes for the future security and peace of the world, declares J. E. Mills, of the U. S. Chemical Warfare Service, in a lecture given recently before the Institute of Chemistry at Pennsylvania State College. Our quotations below are from an abstract issued by the American Chemical Society. We read:

Theoretically one ton of mustard gas could kill 45,000,000 men. Actually one ton of mustard gas as used at the front caused about twenty-nine casualties, of which one died.

Is gas warfare inhumane? All warfare is inhumane and barbarous, but the facts are that only 2 per cent. of American gas casualties died, while more than 24 per cent. of American battle casualties died.

In an ideal world, what armament adjustment is desirable? The situation can be summed up in one sentence. National security without large national armaments.

Many men have read wrongly the tendencies of the new developments of the past war, says Mr. Mills. Three new and powerful weapons were developed—airplanes, gas, and submarines. It is fortunate for the world, he declares, that two of these, airplanes and gas, are bound up with the development of civilization. He explains:

It will be a blessing to the world, not a curse, if its water-power can be turned to the production of cheaper fertilizer in time of peace, and yet aid tremendously in securing national security in time of war.

It is a blessing to the world, not a curse, that dye factories can change almost overnight from the manufacture of dyes and perfumes that appeal to the taste and vanity of mankind, to the manufacture of the most powerful poisons for use in war.

Airplanes and gas warfare give to a nation a powerful means of defense in time of emergency without serious expenditure in time of peace. This is a blessing and makes for the future peace of the world. It means eventually national security without large national armaments.

Alarmists have repeatedly mistaken the effect of new inventions. The ability to wage gas warfare is a blessing—not a curse—and will make for the future security, peace, and happiness of the world.

Gas warfare as it stands to-day, and as it will stand in the future, as far as future tendencies can be foreseen, is a more powerful defensive than offensive weapon. This fact arises primarily because mustard gas, and similar gases, can be used to prevent the occupation of territory. Invasion is, therefore, rendered much more difficult.

It is not possible to limit by the abolishment of chemical warfare research for new poisonous compounds. Poisonous compounds are a necessity of modern civilization. The development of insecticides, fungicides, germicides, disinfectants, preservatives, fumigants, medicinals, etc., calls for intensive study of poisonous compounds. It is, therefore, both certain and essential that research upon poisonous compounds will be continued.

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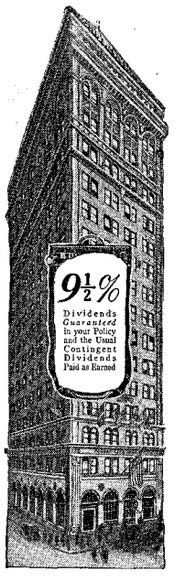

Truly the wide spaces are being narrowed, time is being speeded up; the inhabitants of the earth are being brought closer together. Modern-day influences are spreading intelligence among every people. More and more persons do not need to be personally conducted: they act for themselves. *Are you not one of these?*

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

MAKING NEW YORK THE WORLD'S FINANCIAL HUB

AS FAR AS THE VOLUME OF TRANSACTION is concerned, New York has, since the war, replaced London as the world's financial center, but, as the New York *World* reflects, it still lacks something of London's cosmopolitan character. A long step in the latter direction is being taken, financial writers tell us, by the decision of the New York Stock Exchange to open its trading lists, with certain restrictions, to shares of foreign companies. This is going a little farther than merely selling foreign dollar bonds, for now the American investors will find it much easier to share in the actual ownership of European industrial enterprises. To promote a free and sure international market for sound foreign investment shares will, in the opinion of the New York *Times*, "unquestionably facilitate the task of the American market as the world's credit center and the international reservoir capital." Or, as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* briefly puts it, it makes New York the world's "financial hub."

This listing of foreign stocks seems to *The Wall Street Journal* "the greatest step in the enhancement of New York's position in international finance since the establishment of the Federal Reserve System." It will mean, continues this financial daily, increased business and freer flow of funds between New York and foreign countries. It will help New York attain the cosmopolitan character that has characterized London as a financial center. Among the practical results, we are further told, will be benefits for the cable companies; "with the radio companies they should attain much heavier traffic through the increased need for quick communication between Wall Street and European financial centers." And then, "banks and trust companies will have a broader field for their activities as fiscal agents."

President E. H. H. Simmons of the New York Stock Exchange, in announcing the decision of the Exchange's governing committee to list trust receipts for foreign shares, declares that by taking this reasonable middle course, "the way has been open to admit to this market soundest and best internal issues of foreign countries, and every effort has been made to establish suitable precautions, especially called for because of the wide differences which exist between our own and foreign financial and corporate practise." It is the intention of the Stock Exchange, he says, "to establish the best possible facilities for the smooth flow of American capital into and out of foreign business enterprise and at the same time to secure the greatest possible protection for the American investing public."

It is understood by the New York *Herald Tribune* that applications for listing will be made shortly by about seventy-five corporations, most of them British. One of the most important of the seventeen rulings announced as governing the foreign shares is that no stock in the currency of a country not on the gold basis will be admitted, a rule which will bar for the present the French, Italian, and Japanese companies. But the regulation of fundamental importance, we read further, "provides that the foreign shares must be in the form of certificates issued by an approved American institution or by the American branch of an approved foreign institution based upon the deposit with a foreign correspondent of the original foreign shares." The effect, it is explained, "will be that American institutions, probably banks, will obtain a large block of the stock of the foreign companies, will place it in safe deposit, and will then issue certificates against the stock." Thus "the value of the stocks will be identical with the value of the certificates, but there will be no foreign stocks in the original form traded in on the Exchange." This, we are reminded, is the present method of trading in Royal Dutch, Rand Mines, De Beers, and Shell Transport, the shares of which were listed as a special measure during the World War. "Dividends paid by these companies, whether in pounds sterling or guilders, are paid to the American depository, which in turn mails dividend checks, in dollars, to the holders of the American certificates of deposit."

With all these restrictions it does not seem likely to the New York *Journal of Commerce* that there will be any sudden or extensive development of dealings in foreign shares. And in its news columns this paper declares that banking houses doing a foreign business are disappointed with the rigid limitations. Nevertheless, it seems that several of these houses are going ahead with their plans to float foreign shares here, hoping that the regulations will be relaxed later. The first shares likely to be introduced for trading are said to be those of leading European banking houses, particularly the Oesterreichische Credit Anstalt, the largest bank in Austria, and several German banks. The first industrial shares likely to be put on the list would include the German General Electric Company and the Swedish Match Company. *The Journal of Commerce* hears that twenty-five foreign shares now listed on the New York Curb Market, largely in their original form, will make that market for some time to come the chief trading place for foreign stocks.

A large number of foreign stocks may not be listed soon, but a writer on the financial page of the New York *Herald Tribune* expects to see a great change within a year or two:

> This will result in a greater part of the investment funds of both small and large investors going to Europe. American dollars will therefore go into the promotion of leading foreign industries.
>
> To a large extent American money has already been flowing outside this country, but American investors have been far more inclined to buy bonds of other countries rather than to invest in their stocks. This is doubtless because the American public knows little about foreign companies, but the present move of the Exchange should go far toward educating the public to the desirability of the better grade of these companies. During the last few years there has been an abrupt change in the attitude of people in all parts of the country toward Wall Street, and the same educational methods should bring Capel Court and the Bourses of other European financial centers far closer to the American investing public.
>
> The greater activity on the floor of the Exchange which may be expected to result from the listing of stocks of additional companies presents a mechanical difficulty that must be met sooner or later. The ticker which prints the quotations in all sections of the United States is geared to print 300 characters a minute, its speed having been increased about 40 per cent. in the last five years. Yet even at this speed it falls behind the market on active days and with the ticker behind it is impossible for a trader to be sure of the price at which he can make a transaction.
>
> With more stocks on the list the seriousness of this problem is heightened, and it is evident the Exchange must either put in an extra ticker system, thus splitting the list, or must speed up the present ticker.
>
> More business should add to the value of a membership on the New York Stock Exchange, a value which was placed at the quarter-million mark last week.
>
> It is probable that eventually this business will form such a large part of the daily transactions that a new class of specialists will arise in Wall Street.

This effort to help put American capital into European industries seems "sound and well warranted" to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, only—

> It remains to assure the American purchaser of foreign shares, as well as of foreign bonds, already held in large amount, that it will be made economically possible for him to receive returns on his purchases. So long as foreign governments maintain their currencies at gold parity this will be practicable. But as our purchases of foreign securities continue to rise, the annual income

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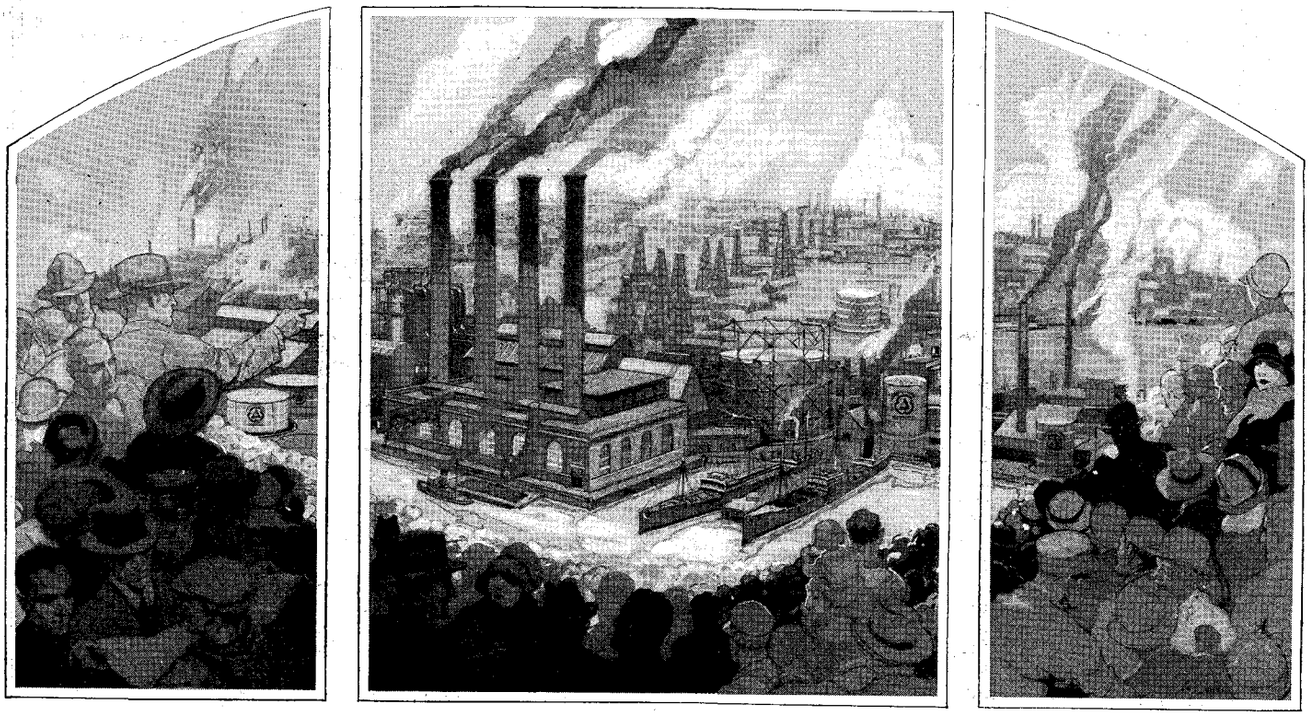

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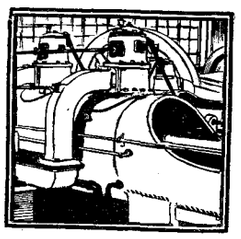
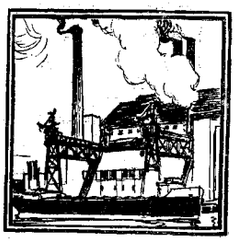


The natural gas pipe-line system of the Cities Service organization covers territory equal in expanse to the land area of all England and Scotland.



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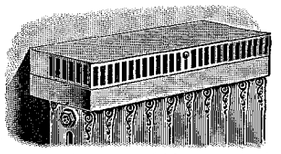

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

on these, in the form of payments from abroad in goods or in more gold, will increase. We continue to have a tariff of the type natural to a country anxious to sell more abroad than it buys from abroad in goods. If we are to become an investor nation, we must resign ourselves to letting foreigners send us more goods than we send them. Until we have become tariff-wise as well as otherwise, a creditor nation there will remain some uncertainty as to the future of investment in foreign values.

Such a move to internationalize the minds of th American investors is received with some misgivings in official and semi-official circles in Washington, we read in the correspondence of the Seattle *Times*. Suppose, one individual is quoted as saying, "that American investors in 1914 had held German stocks to the amount of a billion dollars or more, and that there had been similar investments in one or more of the other countries that engaged in the World War. It is obvious that such investments would have been responsible for a body of public sentiment that might easily—and probably would—seriously have affected the American attitude toward the war." Or, as the same speaker is further quoted,

Suppose that Americans had held large amounts of Russian industrial stocks when the Soviet Government confiscated all property of that kind. It is scarcely conceivable that the American Government would have maintained toward Bolshevism the passive attitude of the past decade.

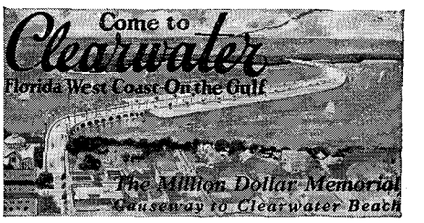
Suppose, further, that the stock of an electric light and power company, in a South American country, should be sold in the United States, and that thereafter the government of that country should enact a law fixing the earnings at a point so low as practically to wipe out the dividends of the American investors. It is not unthinkable that our citizens, so affected, would come to the State Department with political backing, and demand strong action on the ground that the law had actually resulted in the confiscation of their property.

Within a decade, predict the people quoted by this correspondent, "the sale of foreign industrial stocks in the United States would probably be so large as to compel a complete readjustment of State Department policy in the conduct of foreign relations." Such a readjustment may, it is suggested, "make war more difficult, but at the same time it seems likely to increase manyfold the annoyances and difficulties of international negotiations, this side of war."

Can't Beat a Fan.—MRS. WICKHAM—"So you're moving to Florida?"

MRS. CRANDALL—"Yes; John swore he'd get Cuba on the radio or know the reason why."—*Life*.

Aid to Immobility.—A girl with cotton stockings never sees a mouse.—*Stanford Chaparral*.



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A CITY-OWNED BANK IN ENGLAND

AMONG the various strange enterprises into which American cities have ventured that of running a bank is not numbered, at least so far as *The American Banker* is aware. Nor does the New York banking daily think that the experiment is likely to be tried. Nevertheless, bankers are watching with considerable interest the experience of Birmingham, England, which operates its own municipal bank. According to *The American Banker*—

The Birmingham bank is the outgrowth of a war idea. Its originator was Neville Chamberlain, and the chief object of the institution, established in 1915 as the Birmingham Corporation Savings Bank, was the utilization of the money of the small depositor to aid in the prosecution of the war. The bank was compelled by the Act authorizing its establishment to cease business three months after the end of the war. At the termination of this period, however, the bank had received deposits aggregating something more than $3,000,000 from over 24,000 depositors.

The present municipal bank is the successor of the war institution. At the end of last March its aggregate deposits were upward of $40,000,000 belonging to 225,760 customers. Of the sum named between $3,500,000 and $4,000,000 was held in cash and about $27,500,000 had been loaned to the corporation of Birmingham at call. The remainder of the resources have been invested in trustee securities and in financing new homes. In addition to other activities the bank renders a variety of services to the different municipal undertakings by receiving payments of their accounts. It is claimed from the standpoint of the municipality that the bank is a valuable adjunct, in that it permits borrowings at low rates. This undoubtedly is true, but the saving made by the city comes out of the interest account of the depositor.

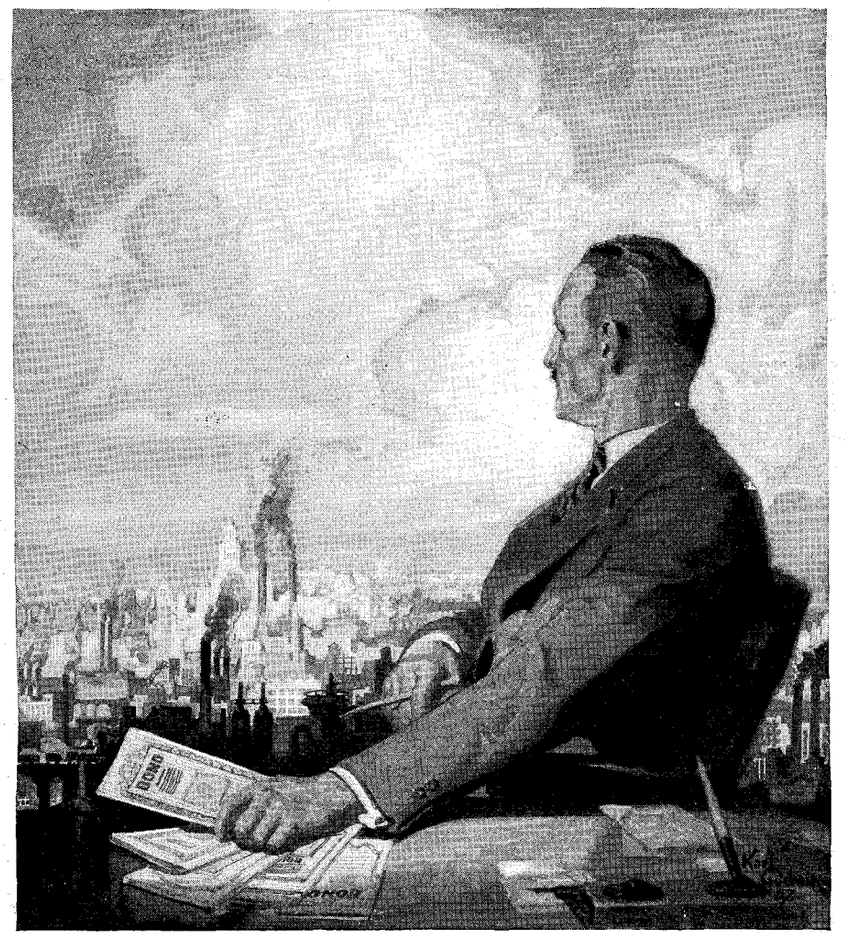
The American Banker is inclined to doubt whether the charter of any city in this country is broad enough to permit the municipality to engage in banking, and any way—

The problems of the modern American city are complex enough as it is. We can imagine how politics would enter into the conduct of municipal banks. An unpopular Mayor or a discredited administration might even prove to be the cause of a run on the town bank, to the great embarrassment of the solid interests of the city itself. The Birmingham experiment will continue to be watched with much interest on this side of the water, if only as an example of enterprise that most people believe can be conducted better under individual or private management.

Innocent Alibi.—LONDON, Oct. 12 (A.P.)—Patrick Woodman, a laborer, to-day was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for what he called a mistake. Mrs. Ruth Kerridge testified Woodman kicked her violently.

"I mistook her for my wife," Woodman explained to the Court.—*New York World.*

Hence These Squalls.—A little girl said to her playmate: "When I was born I was so s'sprised I couldn't speak for a whole year and a half."—*Boston Transcript.*



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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 11.—Northern Chinese forces are reported to have recaptured Shih Chiachwang, 160 miles southwest of Peking.

Bulgaria declares martial law along the frontier and closes the Province of Kustendi and other strategic points on the border in order to prevent further incursions by Komitadjis, or irregulars, on Jugoslavian soil.

A crushing defeat of insurgent forces near Bouquill, State of Michoacan, Mexico, and the death in action of three rebel generals are reported.

William Cosgrave is reelected President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State, 76 to 70.

October 12.—Five hundred persons are under arrest in Spain in connection with the discovery of a revolutionary conspiracy against the Primo de Rivera Government, says a dispatch from Hendaye, Franco-Spanish frontier.

October 13.—The *Osservatore Romano*, organ of the Vatican, proposes that Italy restore a portion of the Papal domain.

Ruth Elder and George Haldeman, attempting a flight from America to Paris in the monoplane *American Girl*, are forced down at sea about 325 miles northeast of the Azores, and are rescued by the Dutch ship *Barendrecht*.

October 14.—Dieudonne Costes and Joseph Lebrix, French flyers, reach Port Natal, Brazil, from St. Louis, Senegal, spanning approximately 2,000 miles of the South Atlantic.

The main Shansi armies, which have been driving on Peking, have been crushed, but scattered bands are still in the field, with Northern forces close at their heels, it is announced by a representative of the Northern Alliance.

October 15.—The Soviet Government announces the abolition of capital punishment, except in the most grave offenses, and the shortening of the working day to seven hours.

October 16.—Interrupting the service in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Canon G. R. Bullock-Webster demands that the Right Reverend Ernest William Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, be "cast from the church of God," because of his "heretical teachings."

Christian Rakowsky, who was Soviet Ambassador to France, is recalled at the request of the French Government.

October 17.—Premier Mussolini announces that after November 6, and until further notice, all holidays will be banned, to save time.

Three Brazilian aviators, Capt. Attila Oliveira, Lieut. Salustican Silva, and Lieut. Thomas Barreto, attached to the squadron welcoming the French transatlantic aviators, Dieudonne Costes and Joseph Lebrix, to Rio de Janeiro, are killed when their plane crashes and bursts into flames.

Gen. Benjamin Mendez, a former Federal officer, and Margarito Gomez, former Congressman and State legislator, two leaders of a rebel band against the Mexican Government, and thirty of

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their followers, have been killed by Federal forces, says a dispatch from Mexico City.

DOMESTIC

October 11.—Ruth Elder and her co-pilot George Haldeman, take off in the monoplane *American Girl* from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, for Paris.

Federal District Judge F. P. Schoonmaker enjoins the United Mine Workers of America from violence of any sort against the employees of the non-union Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Corporation and from interfering in any way with the operation of the company's mines.

October 13.—American marines have killed the Nicaraguan bandit leader, Santos Lobos, and seven of his men, Admiral David F. Sellers reports to the Navy Department.

October 15.—Charles S. Dewey, one of the assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, announces his acceptance of an invitation from the Polish Government to become its financial adviser and a director of its bank.

October 17.—Charles A. Levine, the first transatlantic air passenger, is officially welcomed home by Mayor Walker and other New York officials.

Mrs. Frances Wilson Grayson takes off at Portland, Maine, on a projected flight to Denmark, but is forced to land five minutes later because of a heavy fuel load.

The United States Supreme Court refuses to grant reviews to the United Mine Workers in twelve cases in which the Federal District Court of southern West Virginia granted injunctions to several West Virginia coal-mining companies restraining the union and its officers from attempting to unionize the companies' coal-mines.

October 18.—Col. Arthur Woods, former Police Commissioner of New York, announces that an anonymous donor has pledged $2,250,000 for the expenses of digging for art treasures in the twenty-five-acre site of the Agora, or marketplace, of Athens.

About 4,000 miners respond to a strike call of the Industrial Workers of the World in the Colorado coal-fields.

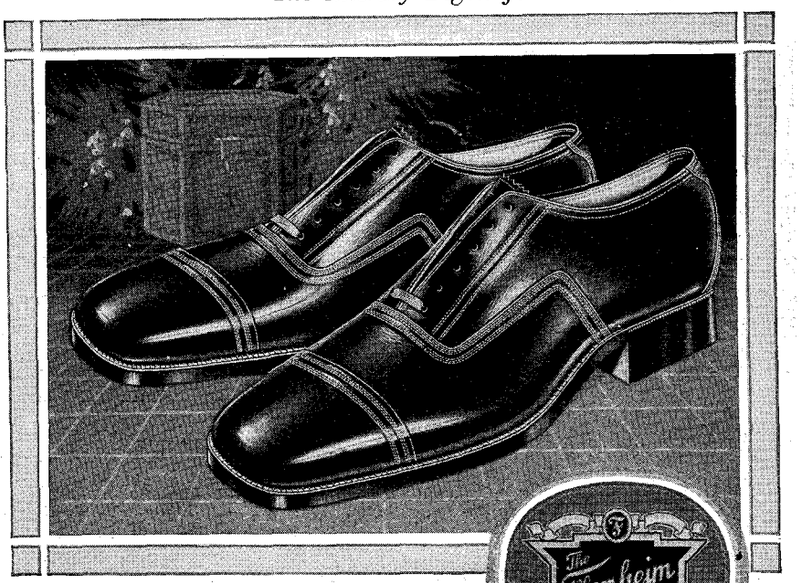
Cause for Condolence.—F. B. writes—"A small girl in our neighborhood was reproved by her mother for calling a neighbor's child homely, and was told to go immediately and apologize. This is how she did it: 'I'm sorry, Alice, I said you were homely. I only meant that your face wasn't very becoming.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

Unpremeditated.—A small boy had fallen into a creek, and a kind old lady had stopt until he was rescued and safely on the bank.

"Dear me, how did you come to fall in?" she asked of the unfortunate boy.

"I didn't come to fall in," he explained, "I came to fish."—*Tawney Kat.*

Halleluiah.—According to a London paper the Rev. J. H. Brooksbank, of Leighton Baptist Church, caused a ripple of laughter when, immediately after announcing his resignation, from the pulpit, he proceeded: "The choir will now sing 'O Give Thanks Unto the Lord.'"—*Boston Transcript.*



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Curse of Adam.—"Has he a profession?"

"No, I understand he works."—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Week-End Guest.—"One of my ancestors came over on the *Mayflower*."

"Oh, really? How long is he going to stay?"—*Life.*

How About the Sox?—To clean a white fur coat, remove all trimmings and rub in plenty of white cornmeal with the hands, then beat the hat with a yard-stick.—*Pasadena paper.*

Time's Footprints.—A historian announces that women used cosmetics in the Middle Ages. Women still use cosmetics in the middle ages. — *London Opinion.*

Punishment Fits the Crime.—"I have no use for jazz," says a writer. It must be admitted, however, that it does sometimes drown the noisy soup-eater.—*London Opinion.*

Fleeting Joy. — They were married at a solemn nuptial mass. Thomas Laflin sang Millard's "Ave Marie," and Miss Katherine Sellivan sang, "Just for To-day." — *Portsmouth (N.H.) paper.*

Desperate Errand. — HUSBAND — (after quarrel) — "Good-by; I'm going to the ends of the earth."

WIFE — "All right. And while you're there you might get the evening paper and some canned salmon for supper."—*Life.*

Popular Oracle.—Wanted Dishwasher with knowledge of law and medicine who can give free legal and medical advice as added attraction to customers.—*Ad in the Charleston Daily Mail.*

Some Time, Somewhere.—HE—"I had a wonderful time at your party last night."

SHE—"Why, I had no party last night."

HE—"That so? Well, believe me, I was at somebody's party."—*Vassar Vagabond.*

Informal Affair.—The reception for incoming officers will be held to-morrow evening, October 7, at the Garrison Gymnasium, at 9:00 P. M. Uniform; Service O. D. Woolen, Trousers will not be worn.—*Infantry School Bulletin, Fort Benning, Georgia.*

End of a Perfect Day.—"Och, aye, but I've found a lovely dentist; he gives his patients a drink after every tooth he extracts to revive them."

"Then what are you so gloomy about? Did he run out of whisky when you went?"

"No; I ran out of teeth."—*Passing Show (London).*

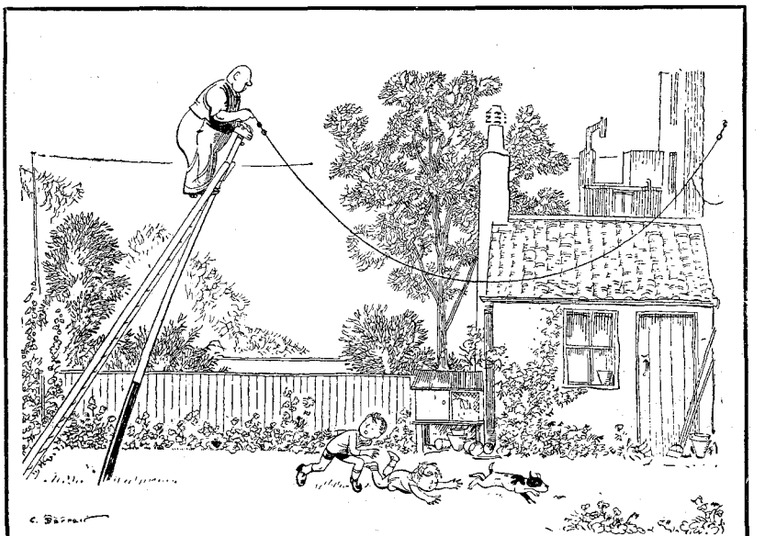
Human Test-Tube.—"I've got my doubts about this liquor."

"Let's try it on Joe; he's sick, anyway."—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*

Vanished Sympathy.—"Don't you miss the old-time barkeep?"

"Yeh; these night-club hostesses don't want to listen to your troubles."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

No Flowers.—Gent's Fur Coat for Sale—Size 42-inch, black beaver shell full Persian lamb collar, lined throughout with Russian marmot; reason for selling, owner expects to soon live in a warmer country. —*Hartford paper.*



FATHER (as the pole bends beneath his weight) "That's strange. I'll swear I cut the aerial the right length before I came up here."—*The Humorist* (London).

Slight Bump.—"Doesn't it upset you when you run over a pedestrian?"

"No, I've never hit one as big as all that."—*Chicago Phoenix.*

Get a Motor Muzzle.—
WOMAN ATTACKED
BY LARGE CAR AND
SEVERELY BITTEN
—*Denver Post.*

Why She Paled.—"My wife ran the car into the fence the other day and knocked some paint off."

"Off what, your car or the fence?"

"Neither; off my wife."—*George Washington Ghost.*

Missed the Big Kick.—"Madge's honeymoon was completely spoiled."

"How?"

"The papers containing an account of the wedding failed to reach her."—*Boston Transcript.*

Blushing Bill.—Commissioner of Public Works Richard W. Wolfe, in a written proposal to the Mayor, which the latter caused to be read to the meeting, urged that every piece of campaign literature "link up the names of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Thompson."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Faith Cure.—BRIDE—"Please try and eat the cake, dear. It's really a lot better than it tastes."—*Life.*

Bringing Home the Bacon.—
McGREGOR MAN LEADS
IN FAT PIG CONTEST
—*Dallas Morning News.*

Popular Alibi.—"So you really believe there's such a thing as luck?"

"Of course—otherwise how on earth could I explain the success of my enemies?"—*Cornell Widow.*

Matched Her Complexion.—Mary Jones negro actress, charged with sending obscure letters through the mails, pleaded guilty. — *Houston Daily Court Review.*

Well-Known Slacker.—WILLIE—"Pa, what's a parasite?"

HIS PA—"A parasite, son, is a man who walks through a revolving door without doing his share of pushing."—*Goblin.*

One Foot at Each Corner. — Every year there are born in Germany 15,000 pairs of twins, 200 sets of triplets. And a sprinkling of quadrupeds.— *Arthur Brisbane in the New York American.*

Rang the Bell.—VIRGINIA—"Mercy! I just heard that Margery had attempted suicide. Was it successful?"

CAROLINE — "Very. Both *The Morning Blaze* and *The Evening Scream* are publishing her diary."—*Life.*

Did He Choose to Run?—
MASSACHUSETTS FOR
COOLIDGE IN 1298
—*Santa Rosa (Cal.) paper.*

One Born Every Minute.—MILLIONAIRE (to some of his protégés)—"I owe all my success to only one thing. Pluck, just pluck."

SAGACIOUS QUESTIONER—"How do you find the right people to pluck?"—*Stevens Stone Mill.*

Shrinking Violet.—MOTHER—"Oswald, you should never do anything which you would be ashamed for the whole world to see."

OSWALD—"Hooray! I won't have to take any more baths."—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

Heroic Remedy.—
BATTLE TO HALT GROWTH OF
CEMETERIES STARTED
Dr. Havenner Tells Zone Board They
Should Be Established in Neighboring
States or Creation Resorted to
—*Washington Post.*

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